

# THE LONDON LITERARY CRITIC, AND JOURNAL.

VOL. XV.—No. 377.

DECEMBER 15, 1856.  
Published on the 1st and 15th of every Month.

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# THE CRITIC, London Literary Journal.

## THE LITERARY WORLD: ITS SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

NOW that the case of Mr. MORRIS MOORE *versus* the Berlin Police has somewhat blown over, and the facts have been laid more completely before us, we feel compelled to state that, to our apprehension, his case against Dr. WAAGEN and his Royal Highness PRINCE ALBERT, for being privy to his arrest, altogether breaks down. Although we fully agree with Mr. MORRIS MOORE in many of his charges against the authorities at the National Gallery, and believe that there has been a vast deal too much jobbery in connection with the purchase of pictures for the public collection of this nation, yet we cannot believe that, because Mr. MOORE has addressed his attention to these points, PRINCE ALBERT and Dr. WAAGEN would conspire with the Berlin *mouchards* to interfere with the liberty of the peppery picture-dealer. It seems to us far more likely that Mr. MOORE has earned a dangerous notoriety by making himself a medium of communication between revolutionary characters. According to his own showing, his conduct towards both the Berlin police and the English ambassador was neither judicious nor dignified. One result of his wholesale accusations against all manner of persons is that he has been ordered to quit Berlin—and at this, considering all things, we do not think he has any right to complain.

Our readers will remember the observations which we made upon the absurd *canard* admitted by the *Times*, and headed "Railways and Revolvers in Georgia." At the time we pointed out that a reference to "Appleton's Guide" would have proved to any reasonable person that the story contained internal evidence of untruth. Since that, authoritative denials of the story have been sent over from America, and the *Times* now abandons its *protégé*, and offers him the alternative of being considered to be afflicted with insanity, or guilty of an untruth. This seems a little hard, after the evidence which was collected as to "the undoubted respectability" of their informant; but the only escape from the dilemma is by a suggestion, which, as far as we are aware, has nowhere been made, but which, in our opinion, is as probable as any other, namely, that Mr. ARROWSMITH has been the victim of an American practical joke—that certain persons in Georgia, knowing the capacity of an English swallow, conspired to act the scene which Mr. ARROWSMITH has related. The Americans are very fond of these wholesale practical jokes, and we remember to have heard of a case wherein one such was planned for the purpose of expelling an obnoxious youth from a district in South Carolina. This person having made himself very disagreeable to the ladies of the neighbourhood, a gentleman was deputed to call him out. By previous arrangement the pistols were not loaded with ball, and after the first fire the adversary of the obnoxious person fell to the ground, to all appearance dead. The survivor was advised to flee the country, and did so to such good purpose that he never discovered the trick which had been played upon him until ten years afterwards, when he chanced to meet the man whom he had slain, alive and well in one of the northern States. To revert, however, to Mr. ARROWSMITH (who perseveres very firmly in asserting the truth of his statement), we must repeat that, upon his own admission, he was privy to a very cruel murder and took no means to bring the criminals to justice. This, of itself, is not a very creditable fact.

Mr. THACKERAY still continues his tour through the provinces with his lectures on the Four Georges. The last we heard of him was at the Manchester Athenæum, where also the celebrated "Sam Slick" is announced as a forthcoming lecturer. It is a singular illustration of the degradation which men of undoubted literary position expose themselves to by thus advertising themselves for the inspection of the curious, that there has positively been a jangle between the great MICHAEL ANGELO and the good folks of Glasgow respecting "the siller" paid for the lectures. The facts of the case, as they have reached us, are these:—The Edinburgh people paid Mr. THACKERAY 200l. for the entire course, and for some reason or other he consented to accept half that sum from the directors of the Glasgow Athenæum. When the lectures were delivered in the latter city it was found that the directors, by engaging the City Hall for the purpose, and asking a good price for the tickets, were likely to make a very good thing out of Mr. THACKERAY; whereupon the great satirist manifested some dissatisfaction about his 100l., and is understood to have hinted that he ought to have the same sum which he received in Edinburgh. Rumours of this got about, and in the end arises a correspondence in the *North British Daily Mail*, in the course of which an apologist of the *Glasgow Athenæum* thus expresses himself:—"As to his terms, Mr. THACKERAY took means to let them (the directors) know that he expected not less than 100 guineas for the course. The price seemed so large, and the likelihood at that time of covering it so small, that I was much doubted whether it would be

prudent to hazard it. However, after much consideration, they offered that sum, on condition that the only course delivered by him in this city was to be on their account, to give them a fair chance of reimbursement. . . . Not a word of complaint was made by Mr. THACKERAY till he found that the directors, by personal exertions, got a number of tickets disposed of among the better classes in Glasgow, at a price higher than had ever been paid for lectures before." It must be confessed, the means taken by the directors for making a good spec. out of Mr. THACKERAY cannot be too much admired by business men. At any rate, he made his bargain with his canny friends, and has no reason to complain if they kept him to it. If his withers are wrung by the parting taunt of the Glasgow apologist that "the admirers of cynics, as well as themselves, are never well pleased," let him ask himself "Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?"

In a pamphlet published by Mr. ROONEY (the Dublin bookseller who sold the "Hamlet" to Mr. BOONE) some account is given of the history of the copy.

This (the Dublin copy) belonged to a gentleman who lived in a midland county of England. In 1853 he was about leaving home, and, anxious to have a memento of one of his family, took from a bundle of old pamphlets this time-honoured relic, which he brought with him to London, little thinking that he carried back the first edition of a play that perhaps only escaped the fate of "les autres exemplaires" by being brought from the same metropolis two hundred and fifty years before. He remained in London some months, and afterwards removed to Dublin, to graduate at T.C.D. His occupation being connected with education, and my principal business being publishing in that line, he was one of my occasional customers. He being no Shaksperian, and thinking that the lays of the Venusian poet or the bitter satires of a Persius would well supply its place, offered it for sale to one bookseller, and showed it to another on whose judgment he thought he had reason to depend, to learn its value. In neither attempt did he succeed, on account, I suppose, of its insignificant appearance. Imagining, as is now jokingly said, from my shop sign (i.e., Shakspeare's head), that I would buy it, he asked me to do so, which I did at the price he named. As it had no title, I paid no attention to it for some days; but when collating it, I discovered a different reading in the last page from that to which I had been accustomed, and, on further examination, I found the "old man, Polonius," in the character of Corambis. This to me was proof that I had in my possession another copy of the "unique Hamlet," which the Duke of Devonshire had purchased at a high price. Its subsequent history is already before the public.

Subsequently, Mr. ROONEY hints that he has not obtained his "just reward for the gem" which he discovered. This we do not understand. He got 70l. for that which cost him but one shilling, and that we take to be a very fair profit as times go.

All the literary world is ringing with "inextinguishable laughter" at the memorable absurdities uttered by M. PONSARD, at his late reception as an Academician. Our readers will remember M. PONSARD as the author of two or three tragedies, cut after the pattern of Racine—defective plasters cast in an antique mould—works of but feeble merit, and which could excite admiration only in the minds of those who, in their blind worship for the classic school, were contented to get the form, even without the spirit and genius of the original. When Mr. PONSARD arose above the horizon, and was discovered by that persevering star-gazer, ACHILLE RICOURT, he was hailed by the despairing Classicists as their only hope against the innovating encroachments of VICTOR HUGO and his *confères*. More lately, M. PONSARD has been dabbling in comedy, and with equal success—that is to say, equally to the satisfaction of the Philistines his admirers; for his triumphs have always been of that nature indicated by the sage, who observed that there was no man so foolish but he could find some one to admire him. "L'Honneur et l'Argent," and "La Bourse," have successively appeared; and of the latter it is sufficient to observe that, although professedly directed against commercial gambling, it won the plaudits of courtiers who notoriously exist by juggling upon the Stock-Exchange. Nor is this all; not the courtiers only, but the Master himself, smiled upon the poet. M. PONSARD has received diamonds from imperial hands, has decorated his inspired bosom with the insignia of the Legion of Honour, and finally has attained that apotheosis of mediocrity, one of the envied chairs at the Académie. It was in assuming this coveted post that the absurdities which have attracted renewed attention to M. PONSARD were uttered. Upon this occasion he pronounced an oration, in which he took occasion to speak of RACINE, the model which he has so diligently copied. "RACINE," said M. PONSARD, "is more natural than GOETHE, who is very affected—as natural as SHAKSPEARE, when SHAKSPEARE is natural." Subsequently of SHAKSPEARE (whom he is pleased to term "the divine WILLIAMS") this discriminating critic says: "We recognise SHAKSPEARE to be a great genius of the family of HOMER, DANTE, CORNELLE, and MOLIERE—that he is eloquent, pathetic, passionate—it is then that he is true and simple, that he has sublime traits surrounded with exaggerations and inflations, profound observations, by the side of childish babble; that he abounds in graceful pictures, but also in obscenities; that his dramas, frequently terrible, are full, at the same time, of extravagancies, and so much so that they never could be played as they stand before a French public." With this last statement we have nothing to do. We believe that the French public does prefer SHAKSPEARE strained through Madame DUDEYANT or ALEXANDER

DUMAS to SHAKSPEARE *au naturel*. But, whatever our private opinion on that point may be, that is a question of taste, about which nothing can be said. But that this pigmy poet should dare to set himself to measure the giant of the world; that this ephemera should buzz about the poet of all time; that this farm-yard rooster should crow of royal eagles—is an exhibition of audacity too astonishing to be accurately appreciated. The idea of comparing RACINE with SHAKSPEARE is preposterous enough; but to take M. PONSARD as the judge of either would be a still more monstrous absurdity. What! the author of "Agnes de Meranie" accuse SHAKSPEARE of "childish babble;" the author of "Lucrèce" charge him that painted Juliet with indecency? Let him re-peruse that vile and prurient dream which he himself put into the mouth of Tarquin's victim, and dare to repeat the accusation. But, truly, we are giving too much weight both to M. PONSARD and his criticisms. His crime brings its punishment along with it. He has held himself up to the ridicule of the world, and it will be a long time before we forget the critic of the "divine WILLIAMS."

The ignorance displayed, not only by M. PONSARD but by other French authors, as to matters connected with English literature, disposes us to welcome a new international journal, called *L'Alliance Littéraire*, with some cordiality. The object of this journal (says the prospectus) will be to make England and the United States known to France, and France to England and the United States. The performances, however, of the first number seem to fall somewhat short of this magnificent promise; the only matter directly connected with English literature being a biographical sketch of CHARLES DICKENS, extracted from "The Men of the Time," a work which is as yet very far from being a standard of accuracy.

The foreign journals announce that HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN, the delightful fabulist of Denmark, is to pay us a visit this Christmas. Cannot "the children of England" organise a reception in his honour? We also hear that EUGENE SUE's projected visit to this country is postponed for a short time on account of private business. We hope, however, that the "time" will be very short.

Mr. HYDE CLARKE has addressed to us the following note:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—As I am about to publish a supplement to my English Dictionary, I shall feel much obliged to any of your correspondents who can favour me with additional words—I am, Sir, yours, &c.

HYDE CLARKE.

In reply we can only advise Mr. CLARKE to secure the services of a competent editor to superintend the issue of his dictionary. There are some hundreds of words now in common use which are not included in that work, and these might be easily supplied by a little careful editing. The contributions of correspondents, writing independently of each other, will be worse than useless; because perplexing.

The aspect of the publishing world gives cheering promise of great things for literature during the ensuing year. We hear also that the book sales of two of the leading publishers have passed off most successfully, everything being bought up at full prices. Among the most remarkable of the forthcoming novelties we have noted the following: Mr. MURRAY announces a revised edition of Lord CAMPBELL's "Lives of the Chancellors." Messrs. BRADBURY and EVANS have in preparation a second series of Mr. LEECH's selections from his productions in *Punch*; and Mr. MOXON has a wreath of "Immortelles from Charles Dickens," by "ICH." The representatives of Mr. BOGUE announce a new work by the indefatigable Mr. TIMBS, to be entitled "Curiosities of History." Mr. MACMILLAN will shortly produce the second volume of Mr. HARDWICK's "Christ and other Masters." Messrs. GROOMBRIDGE and SONS announce a work called "Time and Faith; or, an Inquiry into the Data of Ecclesiastical History;" and Mr. J. W. PARKER a work by MARY C. HUME entitled "The Wedding Guests." One of the most important works announced is from the press of Mr. HARRISON, being a collection of dispatches connected with the late war in Turkey, Asia, and the Crimea, edited under authority, by Captain SAYER. Messrs. CHAPMAN and HALL have a numerous and important list; cheap editions of CARLYLE and LEVER, and of THACKERAY's Christmas Books; "Twelve Months with Bashī Bazonks," by Lieut.-Colonel MONEY; "The Spirit of Travel," by C. PACKE, Esq., of the Inner Temple; and a "History of the Life and Times of Edmund Burke," by THOMAS MACKNIGHT, the biographer of DISRAELI. Mr. BENTLEY promises Dr. DORAN's new book, "Monarchs retired from Business," and the "Correspondence of Horace Walpole," edited by PETER CUNNINGHAM; the "History of the War in Afghanistan," by J. W. KAYE; a translation of GUIZOT's "Memoir of Sir Robert Peel;" "Sydney Fielding: the Domestic History of a Gentleman who served under their Majesties George the Fourth and William the Fourth;" BOSWELL's long-expected "Letters;" and a translation of JULES SIMON's "Natural Religion," edited by the Rev. J. R. MARSDEN, author of the History of Christian Churches and Sects. Messrs. LONGMANS announce a "Journal of a Visit to Japan, Loochoo, and Pootoo," by A. L. HALLORAN, and a new edition of MOORE's "Epicurean." L.

## ENGLISH LITERATURE.

## CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

THE accustomed season of gladness and festivity is once more at our doors, bringing with it its annual tribute of kindly offerings and welcome gifts. By custom universal, the joyous season of Christmas has become consecrated to those brave old geni, known by the names of Good Fellowship, Hospitality, Joviality, and Generosity. Let Jack Frost nip his victims never so rudely, or old Boreas be as boisterous as he pleases, in all good households and homesteads—in which definition we include all English homes—merry old Christmas keeps up his revels with a conservative obstinacy which defies the prosaic civilising tendency of the times; makes his influence apparent upon all things and everybody; tinges the fire with a yet more ruddy glow; imparts an unusual gusto to the punch, and a more savoury steam to the pudding; pours content around every heart, from the humblest to the haughtiest; gives a brighter ring to the laugh of children, and a more tender murmur to the whispers of lovers; makes the holly flourish with a brighter green, and the mistletoe give suggestions of its mysterious Druidical uses: all these things does Christmas, and more, that we might easily fill pages with the bare enumeration of. But one feat particularly he effects, which is recalled more directly to our mind by the bright and beautiful objects which decorate the table before us. He lends to the books which he provides for us all the colours of the rainbow; decks them with hues as bright and various as those which inflame the vanity of Juno's bird; pranks them out with green and azure, scarlet and gold; prints them upon paper so satiny and creamy and lustrous, and that in type so exquisitely cut; illustrates them with woodcuts so beautiful and artistic, that we feel inclined to attribute their production to agents as supernatural as those which cultivated Aladdin's garden, or built the fairy chariot of poor Cinderella.

What can be more temptingly beautiful than these Christmas books, as modern art has contrived to produce them? Every luxury-producing trade has its special temptations for the Christmas season. The butcher displays his glorious prize beef, marbled as in a picture, which two short weeks before stood a living wonder in the stalls of Baker-street; the poulterer offers his prime turkeys from Norfolk, and geese from the Cambridgeshire fens; the pastry-cook has his cakes, white as the driven snow, and covered with quaint and gaudy figures; the very tailor hangs out his inimitable pants and gorgeous vests, fit to attract the cupidity of the passing gent, hasting to the Christmas polka; but of all these temptations, attractive though they be, none affects us in so lively and direct a manner as a Christmas gift-book, when for the first time it unfolds its blushing beauties to our critical gaze, like a virgin robed in her beauty, or a rose that discloses its secrets to the summer air.

Happy, indeed, is it for those who are similarly affected with ourselves towards these "belles of the season," and whose purse-strings are of limited extent, that "Christmas comes but once a year;" two such seasons as the present would fairly ruin the modest book-buyer; for (whether it be owing to the cessation of the Russian war, or to the high price of corn, or to the seven per cent. discount at the Bank, or to the election of Mr. Buchanan to the Presidency, are questions which we prefer to leave to the political quidnuncs) certain is it that the Christmas season 1856—7, to which we have now arrived, can boast of a larger and a better collection of these literary delicacies than any of its predecessors. Of this shall our readers judge as we pass them in review one by one, with all the pleasant feelings of a critic who knows that he has the power to praise without being compelled to do a violence to his love of truth and independence.

First and foremost on our list, and claiming that place as much by merit as by priority of issue, "*et par droit de conquête et par droit de naissance*," comes

*Rhymes and Roundelays in Praise of a Country Life. Adorned with many Pictures.* (London: David Bogue).—This superb volume, which is

richly bound, and printed in the best style, contains a judicious selection of pieces from our best poets, illustrating the joys and pleasures of a country life. From Spenser to Tennyson, all our great masters of song have been laid under contribution to supply this bucolic treasury; in which, too, the woodcut illustrations are fit companions to these master-pieces of the muse. The pencils of Birket Foster, Duncan, Dodgson, Walter Goodall, Absolon, Hulme, H. Weir, Ansdell, and F. Taylor, have been busily employed in rendering this volume as charming as possible, and in our opinion they have been perfectly successful.

Next on the list, and rivalling its predecessor in every excellent quality, comes

*The Poets of the Nineteenth Century.* Selected and Edited by the Rev. ROBERT ARIS WILLMOTT, Incumbent of Bearwood. Illustrated with 100 Engravings, drawn by eminent artists, and engraved by the brothers DALZIEL. (London: G. Routledge and Co.).—The object of this beautiful volume is of a somewhat wider scope than that of the "*Rhymes and Roundelays*;" not merely in "praise of a country life," but relating to everything which poetry adorns, are the pieces selected by the Rev. R. A. Willmott. The list of poets ranges from Beattie to the present day. Anticipating the objection that the author of the "*Minstrel*" and his contemporaries do not properly belong to this century, Mr. Willmott states very truthfully in his preface that "the fancy of the present age was largely inspired and moulded by the past; and the sentiment of the '*Minstrel*,' the naturalness of '*The Task*,' the simplicity of the '*Reliques*,' very strikingly reappear in Campbell, Wordsworth, and Scott." Guided by these principles, Mr. Willmott has not only included Beattie and Cowper in his list, but also Charlotte Smith, William Crowe, and George Crabbe: from these we are brought by easy stages to Alexander Smith, P. J. Bailey, Gerald Massey, William Allingham, Charles Mackay, and Frances Brown. Good specimens of no less than seventy-two poets are given, and these are illustrated by one hundred woodcuts, executed in the best style, after drawings by Birket Foster, Harvey, Gilbert, Hughes, Weir, Dalziel, Tenniel, Duncan, Clayton, Godwin, Harding, Dodgson, Brown, Millais, Leitch, Pickersgill, Corbould, E. A. Goodall, and Edwards. The binding is very tastefully executed in pale green and gold, and the work is printed upon toned paper, by Mr. Clay.

The next upon our list is:

*The Course of Time: a Poem.* By ROBERT POLLOK, A.M. Illustrated Edition. (Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood and Sons).—In this selection of Pollok's fine poem for their contribution to the Christmas table, Messrs. Blackwood have displayed their usual sound judgment. Like its predecessors, this volume is beautifully printed on toned paper, and the illustrations are after drawings by Foster, Tenniel, and J. R. Clayton. It is a book fitted for the study of a Prince, or the boudoir of a fastidious beauty. As its subject is one quarried out of "the graver veins of thought," we cannot match it better than with

*Sacred Allegories.* By Rev. WILLIAM ADAMS, M.A. (London: Rivingtons).—Although this collection of allegories has been already published, and is probably familiar to many of our readers, we may not improperly give a short account both of the author and his purpose. The late Rev. W. Adams was the son of Mr. Serjeant Adams, who filled for many years the responsible position of Assistant Judge. A brilliant double first-class degree, in 1836, made him Fellow and Tutor of Merton College, and subsequently he became the vicar of St. Peter's-in-the-East, Oxford, a small living belonging to the College. This he continued to hold up to the day of his death, which happened in the year 1842. As for the *Allegories* themselves, we cannot do better than quote the following passage from the preface:—"The *Allegories*, which form the subject of the volume, are the works by which he (Mr. Adams) first attracted the attention of the public, and won the sympathy of a large class of readers. This style of writing, uniting the assumption of a state of things altogether imaginary with the circulation of the

most serious truths, the ingenuity of the man of fancy with the earnest piety of the Christian teacher, was excellently adapted to his powers; and the rapidity with which his volumes followed each other bore evidence to his facility, and also to the favour with which they were received. They have, we find, been translated into several European languages; and Bengalee versions of '*The Distant Hills*' and of '*The King's Messengers*,' have also been published in India." The present edition is also printed upon toned paper, and is profusely illustrated with beautiful woodcuts, from drawings by Charles Cope, J. C. Horsley, Samuel Palmer, Birket Foster, and S. E. Hicks. Still keeping among the volumes of serious mood, we come upon

*The Ladies of the Reformation: Memoirs of Distinguished Female Characters belonging to the period of the Reformation in the Sixteenth Century.* By the Rev. JAMES ANDERSON. (London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and New York: Blackie and Sons).—This, as its title-page imports, is a collection of biographical sketches of the most celebrated ladies connected with the Reformation in Germany, Switzerland, France, Italy, and Spain. From among the more distinguished names we may quote those of Katherine von Bora the wife of Luther (whom he loved "almost as well as his Commentary on Galatians"); Elizabeth, the wife of the Elector of Brandenburg; Louisa Juliana of Nassau, the Electress Palatine; Anna Reinhard, wife of Zwingle; Idelette de Bures, wife of John Calvin; Jeanne d'Albret, Queen of Navarre; Renée, Duchess of Ferrara; and Lavinia della Rovere, Princess Orsini. Of these ladies, we are told in the preface that "only a few of the characters described in this volume were among the number who suffered death in the cause of the Reformation; but nearly all of them suffered more or less in one form or another in that cause, and they were all of a congenial spirit, characterised by Christian principles, ardent piety, and deep benevolent sympathies. Some of them were endowed with great talents and strong energy of character, and those who suffered to the death furnish some of the noblest examples on record of woman's Christian endurance and intrepid devotion to the truth." The biographical sketches are well written, and many of them contain matter which (even without the charge of book-making) might be extended to fill separate volumes. The illustrations are after drawings by Godwin, Humphreys, Johnson, and other eminent draughtsmen.

Reverting once more to the domain of the muses, we arrive at

*Dramatic Scenes, with other poems now first printed.* By BARRY CORNWALL (London: Chapman and Hall).—This is another beautiful volume, and all the more pleasant that it contains matter from the ever-welcome lyre of a favourite minstrel. Of these *Dramatic Scenes*, says the author in his preface, some were written thirty, and others forty years ago. The miscellaneous poems, constituting "Part the Third," have never before been printed. "In all probability," adds the veteran poet, "this book is the last with which I shall try the patience of the public." *Absit omen!* Long may the note of this fine old songster be heard in the land; and distant be the day when his voice shall be forever silenced! To prove that it is not through weakness that he lays the pen down, we need do no more than cite his

## FAREWELL TO VERSE.

Sweet Muse! my friend of many years—farewell!  
Sweet mistress, who did never do me wrong;  
But still with me hast been content to dwell  
Through summer days and winter evenings long;  
Sweet Nurse, whose murmur soothed my soul, farewell!  
I part with thee at last, and with thy song!  
Never again, unless some Spirit of might,  
That will not be denied, command my pen,  
Never again shall I essay to write  
What thou (I thought!) didst prompt: Never again  
Lose me in dreams until the morning light,  
Or soar with thee beyond the realms of men.  
Farewell! the plumage drops from off my wing;  
Life and its humbler tasks henceforth are mine!  
The lark no longer down from heaven doth bring  
That music which, in youth, I deem'd divine:  
The winds are mute, the river dars not sing:  
Time lifts his hand—and I obey the sign.

Surely we may hope that the "Spirit of Might" will not be wanting to command the bard to resume his pen. As a specimen of typography,



this volume is fit to rank beside any of its predecessors; and the illustrations are after drawings by Tenniel, Birket Foster, Clayton, Dalziel, Harvey, Godwin, Corbould, and Weir.

Next on the list is

*The Lord of the Isles* (Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black.)—a magnificent edition of this fine poem, with full annotations. The typography is excellent, the illustrations are after drawings by Gilbert, and the cover is handsomely emblazoned with the Lion of Scotland in red and gold. Altogether it is a volume fit for any drawing-room table.

Next comes

*The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*. By SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE (London: Sampson Low, Son, and Co.), which, though small, is one of the most beautiful of the Christmas books. In paper, typography, and illustration it is behind none of its more magnificent compeers; and to those who are already familiar with that wonderful weird story, the splendid drawings of Wehnert, Birket Foster, and E. Duncan, will give the volume a double interest.

The next Christmas-book we come to is

*Voices from the Greenwood*. By Lady WALLACE. (London: Bell and Daldy.)—A charming little collection of fairy tales, telling of the Dryads and Hamadryads of the woods and streams. It is printed upon toned paper, and the woodcuts are beautifully executed.

The next is a magnificent volume—

*The Book of Job*. Illustrated with fifty engravings from Drawings by JOHN GILBERT, and with explanatory notes and poetical parallels. (London: James Nisbett and Co.)—Never, surely, was the great story of the patient man of Uz offered to us in such gorgeous clothing. The richly-toned paper, the beautiful woodcuts after Gilbert, and the magnificent yet tasteful binding, render this one of the most attractive and valuable gift-books of the season.

*Ministering Children* (Seeley and Jackson)—Is intended to illustrate that comforting declaration that "out of the mouths of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise." As a means to train children to the exercise of kindly feelings, this tale cannot be too highly commended. The illustrations are beautifully executed, after drawings by Birket Foster and others.

*The Golden A. B. C.* Designed by GUSTAF KÖNIG; engraved by JULIUS THALER (Gotha: Julius Perthes. London: Trübner)—Is a beautifully-executed alphabet-book, in which each letter is made the initial of some appropriate and well-remembered text.

*The Campaign in the Crimea: an historical Sketch*. By GEORGE BRACKENBURY. Second Series. (London: R. and D. Colnaghi and Co.)—Although not, perhaps, strictly to be considered a Christmas-book (since the first part was not published at a Christmas time, and the subject is hardly a Christmas subject), this will be a very acceptable gift-book at any season of the year. Mr. Simpson's beautiful illustrations (of which forty plates are here given), and Mr. Brackenbury's text, bring the Crimean Campaign from the expedition to Kerch to the close of the war. As a literary and artistic record of the war, the first and second parts of this work are without a rival.

## HISTORY.

*The Eighteenth Century; or, Illustrations of the Manners and Customs of our Grandfathers*. By ALEXANDER ANDREWS. London: Chapman and Hall. 1856.

ALTHOUGH this volume undoubtedly contains a fund of useful material, communicated in a pleasant gossiping style, it is very far from exhibiting that system of arrangement which is absolutely necessary in a work of historical interest. Like the scrap-book of an amateur, it contains many capital things, mixed up with a considerable sprinkling of rubbish, many good anecdotes, and many bad jokes; and the reader who will be content to take it as he finds it, will hold Mr. Andrews's performance to be a very entertaining, and at the same time a very unequal work.

The historical mind has lately been addressed to the not very easy task of realising the exact state of things as they were at various periods of this country's history. The chief difficulty in the way of doing this successfully lies in our universal proneness to bring everything up or down (as the case may be) to our own level, and to judge of circumstances not relatively, but abso-

lutely according to our present notions. This leads us into two capital blunders: in the first place we are apt to form an erroneous estimate of things in proportion as they differ from the circumstances around us; and in the next place, whilst we exaggerate ancient evils, we entirely forget those which exist in the present day. For example, we are apt to be very pathetic about the inconveniences which our ancestors must have sustained through the badness of their roads and the insecure means of transit which they possessed, forgetful that on the one hand our successors may entertain equal commiseration for us when advanced science has placed superior means at their disposal, and on the other that our ancestors (believing, as some of us do, that they had already arrived at the limits of what was possible) would feel no inconvenience for the want of that which never entered into their wildest dreams. Again, how often do we find ourselves casting back a look of pity upon the imperfect civilisation of former days—the want of gas and police, the abundance of footpads and highwaymen, forgetful at the same time that the columns of the daily press bring to us their daily tale of murder and of swindling, of garrotting Thugs and fraudulent bankers. As an example of this, we really cannot see that the state of things recorded in the following passage can be considered as in any way peculiar to the eighteenth century:

On leaving college a young man was dismissed to the Continent, where he rambled, gambled, and idled for three years, under the charge of some clergyman without a living, who was his companion and tutor; winding up his tour with a stay at Paris, whence it was, generally, that his worthy father received cargoes of bills and acceptances for payment, drawn to meet losses at cards and other extravagances of the debauched life into which he has plunged; for, as the tutor of the minor often expected to become the chaplain of the peer or baronet when his estate should come to him, he seldom ventured to check the young heir in his wild career; and the brightest prospects were blighted, the finest estates mortgaged, the most robust constitutions impaired, the most promising intellects clouded, and the worst vices contracted, in his grand tour. We may readily conceive that the tutor sent home favourable reports of the progress of his *protégé*, who was supposed to be acquiring the polished manners of the Continent, or the information and knowledge which were to fit him for the character of an accomplished gentleman; whilst, perhaps, he was becoming an inveterate *roué*, dividing his time between the gambling-table, the theatres, and the ballet-girl, instead of measuring the heights of mountains, sketching alpine scenery, poring over the contents of museums, and making notes of natural phenomena, great works of art, relics of antiquity, or local customs. Notes he certainly made—and issued; but they were of a kind that often opened the eyes of a parent, who was not very well inclined to honour them. In all these shifts for money, the tutor was ever ready to form schemes and pretences for raising the necessary cash, or concealing the way in which it was spent, till his charge returned to take possession of the family property, an irreclaimable spendthrift, an inveterate gambler, and a consummate scoundrel; while the tutor, in the guise of a chaplain, became a pensioner on his bounty, an attendant at his board, and a participator in every excess and intemperance of his "gay" patron and his dissolute associates.

Nor do we quite understand why we, with our "all-rounder" collars and long-skirted coats, with our crinolines, hoop petticoats, and come-and-kiss-me bonnets, should laugh at the exquisite of the eighteenth century, "full dressed according to the notions of his time."

Under his arm is the cocked hat, which was intended to be worn, but which he cannot venture to put on lest it disturb the gravity of his wig; his head is covered with white powder, and his face with "rouge et blanc;" his cravat, "white as the driven snow" (the black stock was become obsolete by this time), is formally tied beneath his chin, and his tail hangs in solemn state from the back of his head; his embroidered coat, with its ample skirts, is thrown gracefully aside to exhibit the gaudy waistcoat and its capacious pockets, which, in its turn, reaches just low enough to avoid concealing his glittering knee-buckles; his red plush inexpressibles, silk stockings, and highly-polished shoes (which even threaten to eclipse the brilliancy of their silver or brilliant buckles); their high red heels, which tilt him forward till he describes an acute angle with the ground; the lace ruffles that flutter at his wrists; the sword that dangles at his heels, or the stout cane that reaches almost to his head—complete his dress, and combine in giving a form of no very exquisite proportions an air of grandeur and magnificence which the sparks of modern times severely lack.

With such cases as that of "Culverwell v. Sidebotham," and its attendant disclosures about

the Berkeley, "dispatches" and "bonnets," under our very eyes, we ought certainly not to bear too hardly upon the doings at the Cocoa Tree, or even at the little gambling transactions of the ladies of the eighteenth century; nor, with a recollection of the railway mania, ought we to be too severe upon the speculators in the South Sea scheme. Set the one sin off against the other, and there is not much to choose between them. The duels of the eighteenth century may have been very bad; but there are some, even in the present day, who contend that even they were better than the practical joking of the nineteenth, when officers and gentlemen cut off each other's whiskers, and wind up the facetious game by expectorating in each other's faces. But then the poor ignorant people of the eighteenth century were so credulous and superstitious! They believed in the casting of nativities and burnt old women for witches. And pray have we no follies of that description to blush for? no fortune-tellers, or clairvoyants, or believers in spirit-manifestations?

But so it is. We perceive with astonishing clearness the things that are farthest from us, the while we stumble in our stupidity over that which lies under our very feet. And many who spend a pleasant hour or so over Mr. Andrews's entertaining note-book of the eighteenth century will, no doubt, sigh very dolorously over the shortcomings of their ancestors, and will thank their stars very complacently that they live not in such stupid and vicious times.

## BIOGRAPHY.

*Sir Robert Peel as a Type of Statesmanship*. By JELINGER SYMONS, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. London: Longman and Co.

It is time that the late Sir Robert Peel should be suffered to rest quietly in his grave, and that neither his spirit nor his memory should be vexed by post-mortem examinations of his character. The current views of that character are at length pretty well stereotyped. There are his panegyrists, who, while admitting what none can deny, the marvellous political inconsistencies of his whole career, find in them an endless theme for elevating the man. The ethics of this school are somewhat obscure, and, in fact, far too transcendental for ordinary understandings. They say that the man who repudiates tomorrow the principles which he deliberately advocates to-day is the wise man *κατ' ἐξῆς*.

*Nallius addictus jurare in verba magistris,*

who has attained the serenest altitudes of philosophy, and who, unchecked by earthly alloy, acts wisely and honestly by the light of his latest convictions. On the other hand, there is a far more intelligible, natural, and, in fact, practical school, which scouts with indignation and ridicule the supposition that any new information or new circumstances can justify or excuse the apostate who deserts abstract principles of ethics or politics, which he has once adopted in the fullness of manly maturity. It has been the lot of the late Sir Robert Peel to furnish the latest and completest form of this great moot question. On each side the champions are strong. Mr. Doubleday's political life, M. Guizot's essay, Sir R. Peel's own memoirs, are the best support of the panegyric school. The opposite school of invective, after commencing with the diatribes of Mr. Disraeli and Lord George Bentinck, finds now a very ample expression in the present volume by Mr. Jelinger Symons.

It is, however, but doing Mr. Symons justice to say that, if he falls within this latter sect, as we think he does, it is not without a very praiseworthy effort on his part to attain the *juste milieu* of critical appreciation. His data, which contain the whole question, are those of the loftiest political ethics—ethics such as those which Pericles, Chatham, and Burke taught and exemplified. It is plain from the outset that, judged by this standard, the late Sir Robert Peel collapses into a political pigmy of very small proportions; in fact, that he was at best little more than a plain hewer of wood and drawer of water, according to his own notions of the sovereign will of the community. In truth, it is apparent from the latest passages of his career, and especially from that touching but manly sentiment in which he rested his claim to the future affection of his country on his gift of cheap bread to the poor man, that he never aspired to any higher title than that of a popular exponent of

the temporary interests of his fellow-countrymen, as manifest in those of his class. Moreover, as Mr. Symons affirms, Sir Robert Peel's abilities were administrative, not conceptive; and therefore he was not a great man, like Chatham or Burke, if by greatness we are resolved to understand only a rare and supreme faculty which is predicable only of prescient and creative genius. For it must be understood that few or none of Sir R. Peel's warmest admirers claim for him any such magnificent endowment. They say that, like Antony, he was a plain good honest man, who loved his country—not, indeed, better than himself, but next to himself, and in himself. Do not we all love our wives and families in pretty much the same fashion? They support, comfort and adorn us. How, then, can we do otherwise than love them? Even so—with a considerable dash of Machiavellian selfishness and self-deception—the late Sir R. Peel loved the country into which he had had the good fortune to be born here apparent to thirty-five thousand a year. "Mortal man! mortal man!" His affections rested naturally first on himself, then, with a great but not unusual interval, on his family and his friends; beyond this circle came a large outer one of class; and the whole were confined by an outermost circle of country. Really in all this there is nothing more than natural: see Cicero and Pope *passim*, to say nothing of personal daily experience. Of course it is very shocking, and not at all like what we read in books and novels of deontology; but not the less it is weak, but not wholly bad, human nature.

Now Mr. Symons, like many of a similarly chivalrous disposition, quietly ignores these very common-place truisms, and very disturbed with sorrow, if not with anger, is he that Sir R. Peel was not a hero as well as a type of his mercenary comfort-coveting countrymen. A fine thing indeed is a hero when you can catch him; but how sadly our poor human caricatures collapse into their natural diminutiveness when you strip from them their regal tinsel, tragic masks, and high co-thurni. Caliban thought Stephano a hero, and himself subsequently "a thrice double ass to take this drunkard for a god and worship this dull fool." It is the way of the world: first we make our gods, and then we find them to be mere wood and stone.

Not so, says Mr. Symons with a noble incredulity; perish the foul doctrine as a libel on human nature. Great men there have been, aye, and will be, although now this backbiting world is without them, or, at least, will not see them. Look at Chatham and Burke; look on that picture, then on this—the counterfeit presentment of two different types of statesmen. We look in an attitude of respectful scepticism, and, living as we have the misfortune to do in one of the three United Kingdoms, and not in Utopia, while aestheticism bows before the illustrious Commoners of the eighteenth century, utilitarianism constrains us to prefer the practical man of the nineteenth century as our guide, philosopher, and friend.

For, mark it well, English politics and statesmanship are not to be trifled with—they are not the pastimes of a schoolboy's theme—they are not the sentimental topics of visionaries. Taxes must be raised and paid to carry on the government; the will, as contained in the interests, of the majority, must be sedulously sought and performed; legislation must be, is, and shall be, based on the urgent temporal interests of the supreme classes and the daily necessities of the thirty millions of mouths and bodies for which food and clothing and housing have to be found. Give us no sentimental theorising here; talk not to us of abstract duties nor of abstract rights. Self-preservation is man's first right; the universal development of that right is the first duty of governments. So imminent, so cogent, so boundlessly comprehensive, are the reciprocal relations of this right and this duty, that all other principles of legislation and administration flow from them as from a first cause. What did Chatham, what did Burke, that we should prefer them to Sir R. Peel? They were loftier geniuses; were they more useful men? What did Chatham which we feel now? He violated the constitution by assuming dictatorial power at a most delicate period of English history; he insulted his colleagues; he was the autocrat of a season; and his unity of power, virtually a despotism, brought the country triumphantly through an awful crisis. The rest of his acts are written in the chronicles of his country, whence it appears that this eloquent orator and able debater, after

assisting in driving from power the most useful of English statesmen—the most useful until Sir R. Peel arose—leapt from a demagogue into an aristocrat, and became the servile sycophant of royalty, as he had always been the humble servant of his noble matrimonial affinities. Look at the Statute Book, and point out a statesmanlike measure by the high-minded rhapsodist of the "Fairy Queen." Venom and point are in his speeches; factious and treacherous sentiment in the fiery language which made perverted patriotism the plea for accelerating the separation of the American colonies from the mother country. But, although a Chatham was wanted in the late war, it can scarcely be contended that, either before or since, a dictator has been required to supersede the Houses of Parliament, or to substitute the brilliant achievements of a supreme civilian for the quiet routine duties of a constitutional minister.

What shall we say of Burke—Mr. Symons's second archetype of excellence? All that has been said of Chatham applies in still greater force to Burke. Most brilliant of political meteors—most versatile and most musical child of genius! a creature in whom imagination, pathos, and passion, burning as the volcanic stream of lava, came ever and endlessly streaming forth in thunder, in fire, and, it must be added, smoke! Truly a wonderful man: a miracle of nature and art: nature culminating in its height of complete organisation, and unsurpassed, perhaps unequalled, sensibility. Art perfected and varied by the most multifarious, but also most harmonious, combination of accomplishments. Philosopher, orator, poet, prophet, political economist, but scarcely statesman. His, indeed, was the mind to conceive; was his, we use Mr. Symons's own antithesis, the hand to execute? We must judge him by his fruits:

The world which credits all that is  
Is dead to all that might have been.

Burke did nothing: he had no opportunity of doing anything. Born down by oligarchical clique, he spent his life in protesting vainly against mischiefs to which he was not suffered to apply his own panacea or remedy. He died broken-hearted—a glorious but abortive possibility.

We have dwelt on these two names because they are the names to which not only Mr. Symons, but to which all refer who think they have a call to show up the late Sir R. Peel as an arch-mediocrity—a red-tapist—an unprincipled sham. Arch-mediocrity he was; a highly educated, shrewd, and practical man, who held all legislation to be necessarily bit-by-bit and piece-work; that ethics in social legislation are inapplicable and misplaced; that abstract reasoning on points of national expediency is out of place; and that eternal principles of right and wrong need not be, because they cannot be applied to regulate the phenomena of ephemeral interests. Now, whether the nation be right or wrong, it is a settled fact that they will have men to govern them who will do the thing which they wish to have done to-day, who will follow rather than lead public opinion. So thought and so acted Sir R. Peel through his life; according to the light that was in him, he found food for the people to-day, without thinking himself called on to provide for the morrow until the morrow came. It is doubtful whether he would have done better if he had attempted to govern them according to eternal and immutable principles of right, which he did not understand, and which perhaps he did not believe; and it is certain that if he had attempted to govern by personal opinion, instead of by party and national suffrage, his career would have been as unproductive of continuing or even existing results as the careers of the brilliant egotists whom Mr. Symons supposes, against all abstract reasoning and experience, capable of governing the English nation by the force of logic and the magic of rhetoric.

Useful measures, useful men; bit by bit and piece by piece legislation, according as public opinion and public caprice change, are therefore what every statesman who aspires to govern Englishmen must be prepared to accept as the objects and principles of his actions. It is unnecessary to discuss the question whether "great men" will narrow their great minds to matters of homely detail; but if they will not do so, the nation gives them good leave to go about any business but that of the nation. If Sir R. Peel, on the whole, acted up to this inveterate idiosyncrasy of his countrymen, and declined to enter on

that broad ground of general principle into which his countrymen have always declined to follow any leader, he had at least for his excuse the experience which will not be misled by theory, and which will not make the blunder noticed in the Horatian code:

Et mihi res non me rebus subjungere conor.

It was because Sir P. Peel yielded to political circumstances which he could not resist that he incurs the censure of all who think with Mr. Symons. It is precisely for the same reason that he receives the applause of all practical citizens of the world.

We will not follow Mr. Symons through the thrice-told tale of Sir R. Peel's resistance to Catholic Emancipation, the Reform Bill, and the repeal of the Corn Laws, nor enter on the dreary and interminable casuistry how far an honest man may believe to-morrow what he has disbelieved to-day. It is enough that such things are and must be facts in every honest man's personal experience, and must continue to be so until darkness be swallowed up in light, and error in truth. Much more curious, although still somewhat unprofitable, is the inquiry how far Sir R. Peel's political infidelities were the results of a sincere change of opinion. Tested by what is, unhappily, the only accessible standard of human probability, it is difficult to see how he gained or could reasonably expect to gain a personal equivalent for his gradual desertion of the principles and the party in which he had been reared. He did not give up his opposition to Catholic Emancipation until it was given up by his party, and so far his conduct must satisfy all advocates of government by parties. On the Reform Bill, his conduct was that of bewilderment and perplexity. His mind was not fitted to comprehend it, as it was not fitted to comprehend any question of general principle. But the repeal of the Corn Laws, which broke through all his previous habits of thought and action, must be considered a singular triumph, not so much of principle as of common sense and honest patriotism over all the blinding influences of wealth and rank. It brought with it certain opprobrium from all to whom those attributes had linked and endeared him, and gave him merely a divided applause from a large numerical majority with whom he had neither tastes nor interests in common.

These views contain the cardinal points on which we have the misfortune to differ from Mr. Symons. In matters of detail his conclusions are more satisfactory. He agrees with Mr. Doubleday on the vicious policy of the Currency Bill, and gives a very interesting and luminous *résumé* of the events which preceded and dictated the policy of the Great Corn Law Repeal agitation. In fact, Mr. Symons has beyond question produced a very painstaking, interesting, and thoughtful pamphlet. But we do not agree with him in his estimate of Sir R. Peel's comparative worthlessness as a type of the worthlessness of modern statesmanship. The circumstances of his age made him, as they have made his successors, and as they will make all who aspire to give anything like practical progress to the wayward impulses and conflicting interests of the great classes which have absorbed the rest of the community, and which, notwithstanding the vanishing limits of parties, still neutralise each other. If ever there were a time in which the words of the Christian Apostle could be applied justly to political affairs, this is the time, and such it has been becoming gradually during the last thirty years. He who would in any measure move the great machine of the state must become all things to all men if he would gain any. Mutability is the law of political conduct, as it is the law of political progress; and men are wanted who will endeavour honestly to do the right thing as the emergency arises—not men who will sacrifice all visible interests rather than abandon something which they call a principle. By admitting this truth—it is time it should be a truism—we are confirming, not weakening, the foundations of abstract morality. It is quite right that, with the moral lesson of Sir R. Peel's career before them, the rising generation of statesmen should see the folly and turpitude of adopting and professing unalterably any principles which a wider experience may teach them to disown. But, on the other hand, let them beware of that visionary school which sets up an imaginary standard of right and wrong in matters of purely conventional convenience. In this respect there exists no fitter model and type of statesmanship than the late Sir R. Peel. Essentially he deserved



the honourable title of public servant. He advised, but he did not presume to dictate to the nation who employed him; and when he failed to convince he did not fail to acquiesce in a policy which he disapproved, nor did he treacherously omit to carry it out to its utmost spirit. Keen in perception, subtle in exposition, apt and versed in all business of state—pre-eminently versed in those all-important details which the superciliousness of genius, or more commonly of ignorance and incapacity, presumes to despise—there never lived a statesman more competent to administer the affairs of a nation; and if he failed in the large and comprehensive views which form the far-seeing legislator, let it be remembered that indisposition to reform has been the characteristic deficiency in all ages of all who have been best acquainted with the machinery of an existing constitution—that the magistrate and the legislator are distinct, but that the statesman is required to be much more of the former than of the latter—that, if the man of science be more brilliant, the artisan, the mechanic, and the practical man are more useful—and that the best worker, if not the highest type of statesmanship, is not he who frames, but he who carries out, the spirit and details of an existing constitution.

PHILO.

*The Girlhood of Catherine de Medici.* By T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE. London: Chapman and Hall. 1856.

To the student of history the name of the extraordinary person whose name stands upon the title-page of this biography is connected with little beyond a tale of unscrupulous ambition, of wickedness, and of bloodshed. The cruel woman who planned the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and with an unblanched cheek personally superintended the execution of it, has left behind her a reputation blacker perhaps than that which attaches to any of her sex, to Semiramis or Messalina, to the wife of Justinian or to the Gothic Fredegonda, even to Mary, surnamed the Bloody, herself. But Mr. Trollope has attempted to present her in an unaccustomed point of view, as a young and innocent child; and he endeavours to point out the slow process in which the natural law was carried out—"as the twig's bent the tree's inclined."

It is a common error among historians to speak of Catherine as the niece of Pope Clement the Seventh. A mistaken notion respecting the true meaning of the Italian word *nipote* has been the cause of this. Even in her own time our own bluff Harry the Eighth spoke of her contemptuously as "the Pope's niece." Sismondi, Rapin, Daniel, De Bouillé, Dennistoun, and Robertson have fallen into the same error. The truth is that she was "the daughter of the Pope's cousin, once removed." The lineage of the Medici may be briefly stated: Giovanni de Medici, the founder of the family, died in 1429, leaving two sons, Cosmo and Lorenzo. Cosmo had two sons, Giovanni and Pietro, of whom the elder died before his father; but the latter left behind him Lorenzo and a second son named Giuliano, the Magnificent, who left an illegitimate posthumous child, who afterwards became Pope Clement the Seventh. Lorenzo the Magnificent had three sons, Pietro, Giovanni (afterwards Pope Leo the Tenth), and Giuliano, who had an illegitimate son named Ippolito. Pietro had a son who is known to the chroniclers as Lorenzo, Duke of Urbino, and he was the father of Catherine de Medici, the subject of this biography. She was born at the Palazzo Medici, in Florence, on the 13th of April 1519. Her father, Lorenzo, although then but a young man, was fast drawing near to the close of an ill-spent life. Within less than a month after her birth the little Catherine became an orphan, for her mother died a fortnight after she was born, and her father's miserable death occurred during the following week. As soon as this event became known the Cardinal Giulio de Medici (afterwards Clement the Seventh) came to Florence and took charge of the little orphan.

He took possession of the family residence in the Via Larga immediately after the funeral; and it is easy to imagine the far-sighted thoughts, and statecraft-begotten day-dreams, which must have been busy under the scarlet scull-cap of the comely priest, as his dark meditative eyes first looked down on the infant Medici.

Whatever these thoughts may have been, he returned with her to Rome soon after she had been properly baptised, two priests and two nuns officiating among her godfathers and godmothers.

Here Mr. Trollope loses sight of her for six years; for all his researches have failed to bring him any definite information as to the manner in which the youthful "Duchessina" spent the dawning years of her eventful life. In the absence of any certain information, however, he presents his readers with a picture of the times, containing sketches of Leo the Tenth, Adrian the Sixth, and the election of Clement the Seventh. When her cousin was raised to the pontifical chair, Catherine was sent back again to Florence. Here, under the care of the Cardinal Passerini, she spent two tranquil years in the palace of her ancestors, which was then her sole and undivided property. This tranquillity was not, however, of long duration; popular disturbances drove the Cardinal from Florence, and the little heiress was consigned to the convent of Santa Lucia. At that time Florence revolted from the rule of the Medici; and the times were inauspicious for all who bore that hated name. A short time afterwards—that is to say, on the 7th of December 1527—the child was once more removed to the convent of the Murate, to the care of whose inmates her education was finally committed.

An interesting glimpse of the child in her later convent-house is afforded us by Sister Giustina Niccolini, a nun of the Murate, who wrote a chronicle in which the arrival, sojourn, and departure of Catherine are recorded. It is much to be wished that access to this record were possible. But it has never been printed; and, though there is reason to believe that the MS. still exists in the nunnery of Santa Apollonia at Florence, to which the last abbess of the Murate was transferred at the suppression of the latter convent, all inquiries respecting it are met with protestations of entire ignorance of any such books or paper. The Canon Domenico Moreni, however, among the "illustrations" which he has added to a little volume of "Records of the Actions and Government of Cosmo the First, by Domenico Mellini," printed for the first time in 1820, has published some passages from the ancient nun's chronicle. And from these we gather that the sisters on her arrival "caressed her in every possible manner, principally because she was but a little creature only eight years old (and eight months), of most engaging manners, and eminently capable of securing the affection of every one for her own sake; but also because of the convent's grateful memory of the benefits received from Lorenzo the Magnificent, her great-grandfather, from Leo the Tenth, and from Clement the Seventh."

Thirty months she spent among the holy sisterhood; and, although that is not a very long time to allow for the completion of a young lady's education, it sufficed to imbue Catherine's mind with those impressions which it is the chief object of a convent education to impart, a zealous admiration of the Roman Catholic religion. "Implicit faith in the Church and in the laws of demeanour, a due knowledge of the catechism of crochet work, the acquirement of an orthodox creed and a graceful carriage, these would be the constituent parts of the 'education' to be had in the especially genteel convent in the Via Ghibellina." Such is Mr. Trollope's general notion of the system of education pursued at the Convent of the Murate. The precise routine observed he despairs of ever knowing: "Whether Lives of the Saints were read from ten till eleven on Monday mornings, or litanies to the Virgin sung from four till six on Saturday evenings, we shall never know." Nor, after all, do we deem it extremely important; but it is curious that Mr. Trollope, as if made spiteful by his inability to obtain information upon these points, goes out of his way to abuse the poor nuns of the Murate, and to bring against them the direct charges of impropriety, if not of immorality.

No pilgrims on life's road could ever more carefully "boil their peas" than did the gentle members of that highborn community in the sixteenth century. Even the ordinary periodical abstinences from animal food enjoined by the Church on all her members had been found an infliction too severe for the strength of these votaries of the Virgin. . . . If doors were decorously shut with ostentatious bolt and bar, there were other means of reaching the forbidden fruit ripening within those not too savagely guarded gardens. The Florentine chroniclers and novelists of the sixteenth century, whose melodrama-like tales are on this point sufficiently confirmed by the official edicts and complaints of the civic and ecclesiastical authorities of the day, prove that such means were put in habitual requisition by noble youths outside the cloister wall, who wished to visit noble ladies within them.

Fie, for shame, Mr. Trollope! Really it is a little too bad thus to revenge your disappointment at not being able to obtain information as

to the education of the daughter of the De Medici, by casting these foul aspersions against the fair fame of her instructresses.

Leaving these high questions of morality to be settled by those who have a taste for fishing in such dirty waters, it seems a noticeable fact that the residence of Catherine in the Murate was the cause of some dissensions among the sisterhood of that tranquil abode; there was a Medicean party and an anti-Medicean party, and political feeling began to run high where religious fervour should have alone been found. Whether for this cause, or for some other, we cannot certainly determine; but in July 1530 it was resolved that Catherine should be removed from the Convent. This gave rise to a curious episode in the life of the little Duchessina, which proves that even at that early age she exhibited signs of having what is called a will of her own.

Sister Giustina Niccolini, whose chronicle has been cited in a previous chapter, declares that these men behaved in the most violent manner, threatening to break open the sacred doors with their arquebuses, and even to set fire to the convent. The tears and prayers of the nuns, however, and the remonstrances of the "Duchessina" herself, obtained a delay till the following day. The nuns, we are told, passed the whole of the intervening night in prayer in their chapel. Catherine herself, now just eleven years and three months old, seems to have been already capable of showing a sufficiently strong will and promptitude of action upon the occasion. For, while the sisterhood were thus employing the midnight hours, they were surprised by the sudden apparition of the "Duchessina" among them, in the dress of their order, and with all her hair cut off, according to monastic rule, crying out, as she rushed into the choir, "Holy Mothers! I am yours! Let us now see what excommunicated wretch will dare to drag a spouse of Christ from her monastery!"

A little cool reflection and some persuasion were sufficient in the morning to convince the Duchessina that life in a convent was a very poor alternative for a career of power and gratified ambition. The very next morning she parted from the sisters, under the care of Messer Silvestro Aldobrandini (afterwards Pope Clement the Eighth), and took up her residence for a short time at her former quarters, at the convent of Santa Lucia. When the defeat of the Tuscan army by the imperial forces, under the Prince of Orange, had determined the fate of the popular party in Florence, Catherine returned for a short time to her favourite residence, the Murate; but her stay there was of short duration, for in the following month Clement the Seventh sent for her to come to Rome.

Although Catherine had then only arrived at the age of thirteen, or thereabouts, the possession of her hand was beginning to be a matter of grave importance and solemn discussion. Italian young ladies of thirteen are very different beings from English girls of the same age. Her personal appearance was not very remarkable; according to the testimony of cotemporary observers, she was "thin, and not pretty in the face, but having the large eyes peculiar to the family of the Medici." The suitors for her hand were numerous. From among them may be cited Francesco Sforza, Duke of Milan; Frederick Gonzaga, Duke of Mantua; Hercules of Este, the Count of Vaudemont, brother to the Duke of Lorraine; Guidobaldo della Rovere, Duke of Urbino; the Duke of Richmond, the illegitimate son of Henry VIII.; and Henry II., the son of Francis I. The last-named was plainly the most advantageous match; but Clement had a difficult game to play amid the shoals and quicksands which beset the Papacy. On the one hand, he was anxious to secure the alliance of Francis, and, on the other hand, he wished to be careful not to offend the Emperor Charles. When the Pope and the Emperor met at Bologna, they wore smiles upon their lips, but there was fear on one side and contempt on the other. Clement had before his eyes the wholesome dread of a General Council, and so he was forced to dissemble for a while when face to face with the powerful Emperor. After the meeting, however, when Clement was fully persuaded that Charles was inimical to him, he resolved to strengthen his family by uniting it with Francis, and the marriage with Henry was straightway agreed upon.

It was in April 1533 that Catharine was sent to Florence, on her way to Naples, where she was to reside until she should be of fit age to be married. Her reception at Florence was gay and jubilant:

They reached Florence a little before the Ave

which rings out from every steeple at sunset, and were met at the Prato Gate by Alessandro and the Cardinal Cibo, with the whole body of the nobles in gala dresses, great numbers of the citizens, and the whole of the garrison of the city under arms. "Cheffu choxa bella"—a gallant sight to see—as simple old Cambi says in his extraordinary Italian.

After ten days' stay in her native city, Catherine proceeded to Naples. In the autumn of the same year she was taken to France, and the marriage between her and Henry was solemnly ratified at Marseilles. What that marriage led to, what seas of blood were spilt by that cruel tigress whose days of cubhood have been thus pleasantly described by Mr. Trollope, is known to all, and will cause her name to be accursed so long as it is remembered in the world.

### VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

*Kansas: its Interior and Exterior Life.* By SARA T. L. ROBINSON. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, and Co. London: Sampson Low, Son, and Co.

THERE are few if any of our readers who cannot call to mind the intense excitement caused in this country by the first announcement of the gold discoveries in California. At first men almost received with incredulity the assertion that the precious metal glittered in sand-grains in the bed of her rivers, and lay in nuggets beneath her soil. But when every day only confirmed the truth of these statements, and it was found that this new Eldorado was no dream, but a sober reality, the feverish desire that seized the active and adventurous of all classes to share in these newly revealed treasures of the earth, amounted to a *mania* (to use the popular phrase of the day), only surpassed by the subsequent gold discoveries in Australia. In America, however, the excitement was even greater than it was in England. Thousands pressed onward to the land of promise by the long passage round the Horn; thousands again crossed the Isthmus; but the road most generally adopted was that first opened by the adventurous Col. Fremont, from Missouri overland to the Pacific shore. This led the traveller directly through the territory known as the "Great American Desert." But by this term must be understood something very different to that which is usually attached to the idea of a desert. Instead of a barren, endless, arid waste, the eye gazes for days on the most beautiful rolling prairies, spangled with myriads of the loveliest flowers of every form and shade of colour. Each new ascent only reveals a fresh scene of wonder and magnificence. Now there are ravines of enormous extent, clothed with the brightest verdure, and over-arched by the graceful drooping branches of the black walnut, elm, or cotton wood; while crystal streams of ice-cold water gush from the hard rock. Then come the "bluffs," of a shape and appearance unknown in any other part of the West, rising in terrace above terrace, like the cultivated grounds of some of the old residences in the Eastern States, some looking like castellated forts, running the entire length of the country, and others crowned with luxuriant trees and flowering shrubs. Higher even than the "bluffs" are natural mounds, rising to such an altitude that they can be seen from an almost incredible distance; and from the summit of these the enchanted traveller looks down on a prospect, for beauty and extent perhaps, of its kind, unrivalled in the world. He sees the prairie, with its gentle undulations, lying before him, apparently without a bound to its extent; he looks on rivers glistening in the sunlight, on trees scattered here and there like orchards, on cattle grazing in immense numbers on the hill-side, and on valleys wearing all the look of cultivation and home.

This is Kansas: and difficult indeed is it to believe that months only have elapsed since the settler here first sought a home, and that for ages this glorious country has been a solitary uncultivated waste. The fertility of the soil cannot be surpassed by any in the world; wild fruits of every description grow abundantly, and a very slight degree only of the gardener's art is requisite to give them all the perfection they can attain; while the animal kingdom is not inferior in riches to the vegetable; and fish, flesh, and fowl, are all that the greatest gourmet can desire.

The summers are long, the winters short, the climate lovely, and the atmosphere so wonderfully clear, that a person can plainly distinguish objects that at the same distance anywhere else could scarcely, if at all, be discerned.

And yet over this Eden there hangs a curse, which seems, alas! at present, hopeless and irremovable: slavery in its worst and blackest forms, attended by all its vilest and bitterest evils, has been established in the land, and the paradise has become a hell.

Now it is to the history of the iniquitous means by which this infamous wrong has been perpetrated, and a state solemnly dedicated to freedom, converted, at the bayonet's point, into one upholding slavery and all its horrors, that Mrs. Robinson's book is devoted. It is written principally in the form of a journal, and strikingly exhibits the defects, as well as the advantages, of that form of composition. If her work contain much that is desultory, uninteresting to the general reader, and careless and diffuse in style, on the other hand it possesses the merit of powerful description and vigorous language, when she has to note down, day by day, the horrible scenes enacted before her eyes by the pro-slavery party. When she tells us of the fiendish barbarity used in crushing the freemen of Kansas—of the outrages hourly perpetrated on defenceless men—of the daily intelligence of some friend made prisoner, or butchered with a malignity more than human—of burning homes and desolated hearths—we feel she only speaks the truth when she says, if her simple recital of all these horrors serves to strengthen in any the love of liberty, or to arouse in others a hatred to tyranny, its mission will have been accomplished.

We do not propose attempting a general analysis of Mrs. Robinson's work, or following her step by step throughout her numerous chapters, but we shall content ourselves with laying before our readers the result of the valuable information afforded by her on the past and present state of Kansas, illustrating our remarks on the atrocities of the pro-slavery party by the statements she gives us as an actual observer of them.

Although it is only, as we have already remarked, since the thirst for gold induced so many thousands to take the roadway of the great American Desert for the attainment of their objects in California, that the advantages of settling in a land so beautiful and fertile as this became so widely known, yet six-and-thirty years have passed since its right to be a free state was formally established by an Act of Congress. This prohibition of slavery is dated March 6, 1820, and is worded thus:—"And be it further enacted that in all that territory ceded by France to the United States, under the name of Louisiana, which lies north 36° 30' of north latitude, not included within the limits of the State contemplated by this Act, slavery and involuntary servitude, otherwise than as the punishment of crimes, shall be, and is hereby, for ever prohibited."

Now nothing can be clearer in meaning or more explicit in language than this enactment. How has it been observed? We shall see. As soon as this fair land became so generally known, and its advantages as a settlement appreciated in the manner we have seen, the slave oligarchists began to look with covetous eagerness on the prize before them; and as craft, bribery, intimidation, and violence had hitherto gained them all they desired, so they doubted not by their instrumentality also to win Kansas. The first step in this direction was taken on the 14th of December 1853, by a Mr. Dodge, of Iowa, who asked leave to bring in a Bill to organise the territory of Nebraska. This was simply a Territorial Bill, in no way touching the prohibition of slavery. The Southern men opposed it. On the 4th of January 1854, Mr. Douglas, of Illinois, reported, as chairman of the Committee on Territories, this innocent-looking Bill back to the Senate, but amended, and accompanied by a *special report*. It was no longer "*latet anguis in herba*," for the monster was immediately discovered; and the whole country was horrified at the deliberate proposal to establish slavery in Kansas, in defiance of the sacred pledge contained in the enactment we have quoted. For three long months did Charles Sumner, Hale, Chase, and other noble-hearted men in Congress, fight manfully against this foul outrage, but in vain. The slave power was triumphant, and on Tuesday morning, May 25th, 1854, the Kansas Bill was passed.

The joy of the pro-slavery party was shown in a manner more resembling the exultation of fiends than human beings. Meetings were held and secret societies founded throughout Western Missouri, the members of which were sworn, on the peril of their lives, to make Kansas a slave state, and utterly exterminate the free settlers. We dare not sully our pages with the diabolical oaths and threats indicated in Mrs. Robinson's book as the ordinary language of the speakers at these meetings. "Ball to the muzzle—knife to the hilt!" "D—n all abolitionists!" "We'll put them all in the Missouri river!" are some of the mildest flowers of speech with which these orators graced their harangues. Foremost amongst the leaders of the slave party was a man named Stringfellow, whom two gentlemen encountered as he was making his way up the river in the summer of 1854. The language made use of by Mr. Stringfellow on board the steamer, according to the statements of these gentlemen, consisted of nothing else scarcely but a reiteration, with the most horrid oaths, that "Kansas would and should be a slave state," and "no one abolitionist should be allowed to live in the territory;" "that he would hang every abolitionist in the country;" and "that every means should be used to drive all free state men from the territory."

Our authoress is the wife of Dr. C. Robinson, the medical man under whose charge the first Kansas party of the season, numbering nearly two hundred, left Boston on March 13th, 1855. They reached the city of Kansas on March the 24th. Houses of very limited dimensions, having usually a small piazza or porch over the door, with the chimneys invariably built on the outside of the walls, and these houses perched on the summits of high and steep hills, form the chief features in Kansas City. We are bound to say Mrs. Robinson gives us a most graphic account of the scenery, incidents, and adventures of eastern emigration, and sketches with great animation the characteristics of the "Border men" in general.

The first and second *invasions* of Kansas (as Mrs. Robinson very justly calls them) by the slave power had taken place in the spring of 1855, and horrible indeed is it to read the descriptions she received from actual eye-witnesses of the cold-blooded murders and atrocities perpetrated on unarmed and innocent persons. No small share of the responsibility of these crimes must be borne by Governor Shannon, whose weak, temporising policy at first, was changed afterwards into open sympathy with the slave party. In the summer, autumn, and winter of last year, the tide of blood seemed to gather increased violence, and to rise higher and higher each succeeding month. Murders were committed in broad daylight and in the public streets; cruelties were perpetrated that would disgrace the most savage nations yet discovered. Neither age nor sex was respected, and deeds of violence were done that make us blush for human nature. We give, as one solitary instance out of many, Mrs. Robinson's account of the murder of her friend Mr. Barber, which took place on the sixth of December last year, when, hearing that the lives of the people of Lawrence were in peril, he hastened thither to render what service was in his power.

Yesterday (says Mrs. Robinson, writing under the date of December the 7th) Mr. Barber mounted his horse, and, bidding his comrades good bye, saying he should be back in the morning, started wholly unarmed for his home. Doubtless, as he sped over the prairies on his way, he thought of the glad surprise his coming would give his wife after this few days' absence, and with whom, on leaving for Lawrence, the bitterness of the parting, her unwillingness for him to go, seemed but a foreshadowing of his sad fate. A little after he had left the main road, with his two friends who accompanied him, two horsemen rode out from a company of twelve on the Californian road, Dr. Wood being one of them. They told him to go with them. In reply to their several questions, he said he had been to Lawrence, was unarmed, was going to his home, and, putting spurs to his horse, rode on; but the deadly bullet of the foul creature, the tool of the administration, entered his back, and, saying "Oh! God! I am a murdered man!" he never spoke again. The home to which he hastened he never reached; but his spirit is an avenging witness before that Higher Court, where all these deeds of blood are held in remembrance. General Clarke, the Indian agent, went on his way to meet Governor Shannon at the Wakarusa head-quarters, and there declared with horrid oaths: "I have sent another of these d—d abolitionists to his winter quarters." The feeling that her husband would be murdered



had haunted the timid wife; but friends kept this dread knowledge from her until this morning. Words can never convey the mingling emotions which moved the crowd or the heart-crushing agony of the young wife. There were two children in the household, and all the affections had twined around this one idol. All of life, all of happiness, were centered in him; and to be bereaved thus was adding bitterness to the agony. It seemed as though her heart must break, and in her distress and shrieks the brave, strong-hearted men mingled tears and muttered imprecations of vengeance upon the murderers, and upon him who had brought these murderers into our midst.

It would be difficult to imagine anything more horrible than this brutal, dastardly murder. But a few pages further, and Mrs. Robinson narrates the death of Mr. R. P. Brown, of the town of Leavenworth, under circumstances compared to which those attending the assassination of Mr. Barber are mercy and humanity. Under the date of Tuesday, January the 21st in the present year, we read the following:—

Our messengers returned to-night and brought certain knowledge of the death of R. P. Brown. The blood chilled in our veins as we heard the recital of the horrid outrage; and the beating heart cried, Is there no justice, no avenger? After Mr. S. left for Lawrence, Mr. Brown and seven others from Leavenworth attempted to return there. They were followed and taken prisoners by the Kickapoo Rangers, headed by Captain John Martin. Mr. Brown was placed in a room apart from others of his party. The hours were passing, and the men who had them in their power were becoming yet more brutal by the free use of liquor, and they were bent upon the death of Mr. Brown. Captain Martin used his influence to prevent such a deed, but after doing all in his power to save him he went home. The cruel crowd then took him out of the house, and with blows and kicks, and knocking him upon the frozen earth, and literally hacking him in pieces with a hatchet, they showed themselves fiendish beyond the enlightened savage. Then, throwing him into a waggon, with his wounds undressed, he was borne for several miles through the piercing cold of a January night to his home. He could only say to his wife, "I am murdered by a set of cowards," and death ended his sufferings. . . . He leaves a wife and child to mourn over his sad, heart-rending fate.

From January to April deeds like these were of almost daily occurrence. In May redoubled efforts were made by the slave party for a new invasion, and an attack was made on Lawrence, headed by General Atchison, who, before giving the word of command, addressed his men in the following dignified and soldier-like terms:

"Boys! this day I am a Kickapoo Ranger, by G—d! This day we have entered Lawrence with Southern rights inscribed upon our banner, and not one d—d abolitionist dared to fire a gun. Now, boys, this is the happiest day of my life. We have entered that d—d town, and taught the d—d abolitionists a Southern lesson that they will remember until the day they die. And now, boys, we will go in again with that highly honourable Jones, and test the strength of that d—d Free-state Hotel, and teach the Emigrant Aid Company that Kansas shall be ours. . . . Your duty I know you will do. If one man or woman dare stand before you, blow them to h—l with a chunk of cold lead!"

This precious harangue concluded, General Atchison and his men moved on in solid columns to the devoted city. The attack began as soon as they entered it, and Lawrence was literally sacked, with atrocities one shudders to think of. For the first time in the history of the United States was an American town besieged, its houses burnt, and its inhabitants murdered and robbed, by forces acting under the instruction of the U.S. officers. Every outrage was in open violation of the constitution by which the persons, houses, and property of the people are protected; and an administration acting as the mere tool of the slave power sanctions and approves it all. Well may Mrs. Robinson ask if any freeman can decide what other provision of the constitution cannot as easily be set aside when it stands in the way of the slave power's subduing intentions. From the sacking of the city of Lawrence may be dated "the Reign of Terror" in Kansas. Mrs. Robinson brings down her narrative of this fearful period to the end of September in the present year; and rarely have we read anything more calculated to arouse our warmest sympathy for the free-state party, and to excite our burning indignation against the upholders of slavery, than her account of the cruelties and atrocities of every description perpetrated by them in this unhappy country.

We must confess, however, that a remark we

ventured to make on a previous occasion when reviewing another American author is equally applicable here. English is a different language in many respects in America to what it is in the mother country, or else neither Mrs. Robinson nor the other writer of travels to whom we have alluded can be fair samples of the average style of writing on the other side of the Atlantic. Even when we have felt our blood boil within us at the recital of murders, robberies, violence, and every other atrocity, told by Mrs. Robinson in language so powerful and graphic as to bring all these horrors home to every reader's heart, it was difficult sometimes to restrain a smile at the singular expressions she makes use of in the course of her exciting narrative. For instance, she expresses her surprise at a young lady "so soon exhibiting her proclivities," instead of—as we should say—showing her leaning to the slave party. Again, she tells us "this was all that was to be seen to Kansas City," instead of at Kansas City; apples always grow plenty; and people always conclude to do things. But we are not disposed to be severe with a lady who feels so deeply, thinks so rightly, and describes so vigorously, as Mrs. Robinson does in general, and therefore we merely offer this last remark as a friendly hint if our fair authoress has another work in contemplation.

The present aspect of politics and the election of Mr. Buchanan to the office of President do not permit us to hope that the evil days of Kansas are likely soon to pass away. To speak a word in favour of free labour, or to point out the wrongs and the attendant iniquities of slavery, it seems, is treason. We fear, indeed, it is but too true, as Mrs. Robinson says, that in Kansas prisons, or instant death by barbarians, will be the doom of him who raises his voice against the slave power. Wielders of bludgeons in the Senate are honoured by the State which has sent ruffians to waste and desolate Kansas. But can such a system of despotism continue without sowing the storm and reaping the whirlwind? Will not such a spirit as that which armed the hand of Charlotte Corday and nerved the heart of William Tell rise indeed among the lovers of freedom? Our authoress says it is already abroad, and that the sight of lawless invaders, acting under the United States Government, has filled millions with that deep dark sullen teeth-clenched silence which bespeaks, more than any eloquence of words, the depth of their hatred of tyranny and oppression.

We fear indeed this silence is but the lull before the storm. Freemen have not been imprisoned for months in the prairie, exposed to drenching rains and scorching suns, for nothing. Houses have not been destroyed, nor their peaceful inhabitants slaughtered, for nothing. The bitter wail of desolate homes has not been borne upon the wind for nothing. Nor has the blackness of the demon, Slavery, and the unmitigated villainy of those who have aided and connived at these atrocities, been exposed to the whole world for nothing. No! There is heard already the stirring of the dry bones in the valley of Death, as in the Prophet's vision. The spirit of freedom is already giving them form, life, and power. Their voice will be heard—their arms will be felt. The administration may have prepared the way to a civil war, but every freeman in Kansas must be exterminated before the cry of liberty ceases or the claims to freedom are given up. If all that is contained in this extraordinary book be true—and we see no reason to doubt it—a fearful time is approaching, compared with which all that has hitherto taken place is but as child's play. At least one half, if not more, of the people of the United States are opposed to the slave power. They may have been oppressed and trodden down for awhile, but they are not subdued. Like the awakening of a giant refreshed, their crushed energies are gathering renewed strength. They are prepared for the worst. They feel that liberty is nobler than life, and that the time has come when the brave and good will not shrink from death, if by that sacrifice freedom may be purchased. The people of Kansas have sworn that it never shall be surrendered to the slave power—and they will keep their oath. Their prayer is—

God give us men! a time like this demands  
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands;  
Men, whom the lust of office does not kill;  
Men, whom the spoils of office cannot buy;  
Men, who possess opinion and a will;  
Men, who have honour—men who will not lie!

## FICTION.

### THE NEW NOVELS.

*Rosa Grey; or, the Officer's Daughter.* By the Author of "Anne Dysart," "Herbert Lake," &c. &c. London: Hurst and Blackett.

The distinctive characteristic of the writings of the author of "Anne Dysart" has ever been close analysis of the workings of the human heart; the last production of her pen, perhaps, more fully than before, exemplifies this power—a power more rare than critics are apt to acknowledge. Readers, however, without discussing the abstract question, *feel* that a book is true or untrue to nature, according as this very necessary qualification for truthful portraiture is either present or absent.

In the novel of *Rosa Grey*, the work now under review, you feel yourself one of the circle whose histories the pages detail; you struggle on, heart and hand with the heroine, through trials which, though not differing much from the "common lot," are so touchingly told, so winningly engrafted on your sympathies. A sweet, gentle, womanly creature is Rosa Grey, an orphan at sixteen, without a penny, but possessing withal the rich legacy of a mother's love—nor is there a better fortune, for man or woman, to face the world with than a mother's love. Dividend and interest is paid on this sacred heart's memory in our greatest need. Fate dare not refuse our pure gold, and, though she keeps us waiting long for the change, the true metal of right feeling has its money's worth even at the world's counter. So it is with *Rosa Grey*. Our heroine, alone (save but an old servant) in the suburban cottage, on that cold, bright October day, with autumn's desolation around her, *knows* herself motherless.

For a long time she lay with her face buried in the pillow of the parlour sofa, and wept passionately. She was at last recalled to a consciousness of other things besides her own grief by the pressure of a rough but not ungently hand on her shoulder, whilst a pair of piercing dark eyes looked keenly but not unkindly into hers as she raised her face from the pillow.

"Miss Rosa, hinny, ye maunna bide here i' the cauld. It's fair nonsense, dearie. I've made ye a sop o' fine beef-tea."

"Oh Nelly! I cannot come. My heart will break. I care for nothing in the world. I can never, never be happy more."

"Hout, hinny, dinna say that. A bonny young lassie like ye to be speaking that gae."

"Wait a moment, just one moment longer."

"I canna wait. The gude beef-tea will be cauld."

"Don't speak to me of your beef-tea," cried the girl passionately and impatiently.

"Deed, but I wull, begging yer pardon, my dear. It wull do ye a dale o' gude, and it wull do nane to you or ony body else to bide here. Ye canna bring her back, hinny," she added in a softened tone, though something like a reproach was mingled with it, for Nelly was ever sternly sensible.

"I know that; I know that. I am so young to be alone, Nelly. Oh Nelly! They say life is a hard terrible thing; and I am alone, alone!" Passionate sobs, violent trembling, accompanied these words.

"Weel, hinny, I dinna say it's no hard thing whiles. I've been very lane a' my life. I never had nae mither. I've been at service sin' I was twal year auld. But there's naething like setting a stout heart to a stev' brae," said Nelly, drawing herself up with an air of determination.

For a short time Rosa stays with the family of Mr. commonly called Dr. Turner—a vulgar, somewhat coarse, but kindly man, yes, kindly even to himself, and shrewd to future possible advantages. Don't quarrel with moderately good people, because their charity begins from the inner not the outer circle. It is surely something wise to put all the virtues we can believe in and collect of our fellow-creatures into a creditable savings bank, that in the end we may have some human trust to draw our cheques upon, and be not bankrupt of this world's sympathy. Good Dr. Turner (he shall be good) does a kindly action for the poor orphan, now and then, at her worst need—never forgetful, however, of self. His opinions of men and things veer with "fortune's gale." It is in this delicate manipulation of character that our author excels. People are never really black and white, like the squares on a chess-board; and here lies the true artist's power—the revelation of that wonderful piece of complicated machinery, human nature. Miss Grey shortly leaves the Turners for the house of her half-step-aunt—a relationship sufficiently distant to make dependence terrible, and the lady herself renders gratitude impossible. Located, not domesticated, at Rivers-

whaite, where magnificence cries quits with comfort, our dear Rosa lives, loves, and suffers.

Some of the details of Mrs. Clifden's conduct we must take exception to. We can hardly imagine that a lady of such studied refinement of manner could really have been guilty of such omissions and commissions towards even a poor relation. Yet it is difficult to decide whether the haughty pride of birth, station, and wealth, unrefined by adversity, may not so envelope a whole nature that it cannot feel for others out of its own position. The career of Mrs. Clifden is a fearful lesson to mortal pride—disease and death limit not their teachings to the humbler classes. Her life closes with a prayer, an entreaty, nay, a testamentary condition, that the poor orphan should agree to a union which she had violently opposed—the insults accompanying which opposition drove the helpless, dependent girl from the only shelter she could claim. Robert Clifden is one of the best characters in the book—an intellectual student, with theories for friends, and ambition for a mother—he works out a new life, a lesson forced upon him, not purposely studied. He seemed selfish because he was self-absorbed; cold-mannered, nay, almost freezing, in his address; yet there was unconsciously within him a very river of human affection and gentle sympathies. The hand of fashion or the mere form of beauty might not touch the floodgates of his heart, so the cold, elegant Louisa Cooper, the proud heiress, fails to make a conquest—he, too, loves and suffers under this same roof of Riverswhaite, which environment is made so very real to the reader, that he might "dare swear" that he had seen the place. Yes, we think we see it now, with its crowning pine-woods, the sweeping foreground of smooth green park, intersected by the grand old avenue that has led the way to ancient respectability for so many a long year; then, in the distance, but still within the grounds, the mountain torrent skirting the copse-covered ravine with noisy laughter, dashing, gushing, sparkling in the summer sunlight, or flashing back a thousand gems from iridescent icicles on one of winter's brightest, coldest noondays.

A wonderful sketcher of nature is the author of *Rosa Grey*. She tells you of the prospect from the window—and, just winking your eyes as you might do to get them in stereoscopic order, you veritably see the picture, with mental vision. Most pleasing, most soothing, is that sympathy which the writer feels with nature; with something of the egotism of a poet, she makes the storm and sunshine of the external world but a transcript of one heart's joys and sorrows. There is also a poet's revenge in one of the incidents. A lover is untrue to his mistress—he weds another, and "the coarseness of her nature drags his nobler spirit down."

The whole family of the Blakenys are admirably drawn. The self-sufficient, managing mother, who is one of those disagreeable people who are always right, who are for ever setting everybody to do their duty, and continually putting the world in order, as they would the chairs and tables in the breakfast-parlour, lecturing, preserving, managing, cooking, and stitching—as if there were "no lilies in the field"—acknowledging, in fact, nothing in nature but digestion and clothing clubs.

In very apt contrast to this worrying Mrs. Blakeny, who considers herself a necessary (evil) to her own circle, is Lady Isabella MacWhin, whose character, though full of faults, is not one of the least worthy in the book. At one period of her eventful history Rosa Grey is Lady Isabella's companion—humble, paid companion. There seems but small hope for a young girl's energies, or for the development of her intellect, immured with a hypochondriacal old maid—yet "all things work together for good."

One disappointment has rendered Lady Isabella's life a useless routine of rising up and lying down day after day. She passes her time without an object, save that of alleviating her own imaginary sufferings.

My bodily and mental constitution are both altogether unlike those of other people, and my life has been the same. I, therefore, seldom meet with sympathy, and am never understood.

Yet such is the good influence of Rosa Grey, aided by fortuitous circumstances, that this valetudinarian exacting lady becomes an active friend, ready to sacrifice herself nobly for their good. Nor is this any improbable change, nor an unfrequent one in daily life. We have all known what a querulous invalid may do when

called upon to act and endure realities. There is another personage in the Riverswhaite coterie, so truthfully delineated that each reader must feel as if he was looking at a daguerreotype likeness of some acquaintance of his own. The name appended to this inimitable sketch is Fanny Wills, once a flirt, now an old maid, always a worldling. She is not without some amount of good nature, though the milk of human kindness with her is rather curdled. She has a ready sympathy for those with whom the circumstances of the moment may entail an intimacy. She is one of those who have unhappily learnt nothing from life but an utter disbelief in the existence of good and noble feeling. She represents an expression of pure sentiment in confidential intercourse as an unnecessary piece of hypocrisy. She herself measures people by their success in life. She deems this the universal gauge—an unfortunate one for application in her own case: she knows this, and here is room for pity. Fanny Wills has found the "toad" adversity, but without the "jewel in his head." Thrice unhappy woman, though no loud-sounding miseries are thine. But one thing believe—Fate only condemns us to loneliness of heart when we isolate ourselves.

There are noble teachings evolved by the story of *Rosa Grey*. There are also questions—abstract questions of a purely intellectual nature—which grow out of the incidents themselves, patent to every thinking mind. This is a right worthy book—a gentle, truthful story—made up of people worth remembering; nay, for the somewhat sorrow-stricken Robert Clifden we hold out the good right hand of friendship, and Rosa Grey we love as a sister, and those that are single amongst us would like for a wife. No mere ideal abstraction is Rosa Grey, but a sweet womanly creature fit for everyday life. The book itself is well written—well written as regards style and composition. There are no careless inaccuracies which offend the judicious reader. There are no mannerisms, exaggerated descriptions, or Pelion upon Ossa of adjectives tagged on to obscure a simile. The author acknowledges romance, while she avoids stilted sentimentality. The heroine's chequered career is that of a truth-acting, sensible girl. In short, *Rosa Grey* deserves an early reading. It is a genial, pleasant book, full of sentiments worth remembering. There is something of the firelight of domesticity about it that makes it a familiar heart-entwining story.

*Ashburn: a Tale.* By AURA. London: Saunders and Otley.

A TALE of the class, so numerous of late years, in which the novel has been pressed into the service of religion. Hence probably its popularity. The pleasure of reading fiction may be enjoyed without rebuke, when it is seasoned with a few religious dialogues, which the reader may skip if he finds them dull. Certainly the pious conversations in *Ashburn* are dull enough, but the story is interesting, and it has plenty of love-making and incidents quite as romantic as are to be found in that forbidden thing, a novel. *Ashburn* is a good excuse for novel-reading.

*Agnes Melbourne.* By Mrs. HUBBACK. 2 vols. London: Shiel.

ANOTHER tale of the same class—fiction flavoured with religion, so that we are not quite sure which was the writer's principal purpose, a novel or a sermon. Having the strongest objection to religious romance in all its forms, looking upon it as a desecration of sacred subjects that amounts almost to impiety, we cannot excuse them on account of cleverness. There is a great deal of good writing in *Agnes Melbourne*, and we hope that when Mrs. Hubback publishes again it will be an avowed novel and not a novel in disguise.

*Lilian's Golden Hours.* By ELIZA METEYARD. London: Routledge.

MISS METEYARD, better known as "Silver-pen," excels in writing stories for children, because she is not above her task. She makes no attempt to play the teacher with them. She is content to tell them a tale, which she invents very cleverly, leaving the moral to be drawn by themselves from the incidents as they arise. Yet all her books have a purpose—they inculcate some valuable truths, which are remembered afterwards because they are illustrated by examples. She possesses also the useful faculty of attracting and keeping the attention of the young, for she knows that the events which are common-place to us are romance to them, and so she is content to talk to them about matters which more ambitious writers foolishly suppose to be beneath their notice. *Lilian's Golden Hours* is the latest contribution to the juvenile library, and one of the most attractive. It is illustrated by Absolon, and will prove to be a welcome Christmas gift.

*Help in Time of Need.* By CATHERINE D. BELL. Edinburgh: Kennedy.

A TALE founded on the persecution of the Huguenots. It is well adapted to give to children some acquaintance with the remarkable people and times described. The fact is only embellished by fiction as far as is necessary for the construction of a plot.

## POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

*The Lay of the Stork.* By Miss LOUISA STUART COSTELLO, Author of "Memoirs of Ann of Brittany," &c. London: Cash.

*Queen Eleanor's Vengeance, and other Poems.* By W. C. BENNETT. London: Chapman and Hall.

*Poems.* By EMMELINE HINXMAN. London: Longman and Co.

*Troubled Dreams.* By JOHN HAUTLEIGH. London: Saunders and Otley.

*The Lay of the Stork* is worthy an attentive perusal; and to say this is to say that it is a work of high art. The incident on which this lay is founded is in its very nature poetical. It appears that a young German lady had a few years ago a fancy to discover to what region the storks repaired on quitting a northern climate, and for that purpose attached to the neck of a tame one a letter, in which she begged for an answer from whoever found it, informing her of the place where the bird alighted, and any other particulars attending it. The bird was shot by an Arab, and her letter, copied by him without understanding its language or import, was sent to the Prussian vice-consul at Beyrout, who addressed the desired information to the young lady. These are the facts of a circumstance which took place, we believe, about ten years ago; and the correspondence which passed between the interested parties we have in the appendix. If this story of the correspondence were merely a contrivance of the poet, it would be no less valuable for poetic analysis. In it there is ample room for the revelation of Eastern life and manners, and Miss Costello has made the best use of her materials. The habits of the storks, the gathering of their armies, their flight from the grim winter of the grim North, the arrival in Syria of the favourite bird with his mission of inquiry and love, and the superstitious feelings of the Arabs, are all depicted with breadth and warmth of colour. There is beauty in every page of the poem—beauty which arises mainly from an admirable grouping of natural objects. Those objects are skillfully used as the woof in the flexible warp of the narrative. Many of our readers have doubtless read a poem which has remained all too long unnoticed on our table. Those who have not can scarcely do better than purchase this volume for the approaching festive season. It is a better Christmas book than many published ostensibly as such, the typography being excellent and its general appearance elegant. These may be small, but are not useless charms, especially when added to the greater charm of a poem replete with splendid poetry.

*Queen Eleanor's Vengeance, and other poems,* by W. C. Bennett, are just now particularly welcome. That many of our newest poets—men of undoubted genius—have the disposition to plunge into bathos and rhythmic contortions is too plainly and painfully true. Now we look upon Mr. Bennett as a landmark to indicate the way where lie the strength of nature and the power of simplicity. He is one of those old-fashioned poets, rare now and valuable from their rarity—who were not ashamed to speak naturally like men, and who evinced power without the exhibition of muscular throes. As a poem *Queen Eleanor's Vengeance* is admirable; it has the intensity of tragic fire. It is brief, but pointed and defined as a poignard. The scene where Rosamond "stirs in her slumber deep," stirs and at length uncloses her lovely eyes on the form of the Queen, grand in her terrible fierceness, vengeful as a lioness about to spring on a foe who has robbed her of her lord's affections, is conceived and executed with consummate sharpness and vividness. In conspicuous contrast to this poem we would place another, entitled "A New Griselda." Here there is simplicity of style, but neither bareness nor barrenness. The tender emotions, which are best known to those who dive deepest below the surface of domestic life, are employed in this poem as only a true poet can employ them. As the poet himself declares, it is

A tale of every-day unvarnished life,  
That should upon the common heart of all  
Knock and bring tears for answer.



We need not particularise the poems, for doubtless the generality of our readers will procure the volume. It contains sufficient variety for all tastes, from the sprightly lyric to the more ambitious scope of "Pygmalion," where the reader may revel for a brief space in the splendour of mythic life, in the gorgeous fables of high Olympus. Mr. Bennett's great triumphs, in our opinion, consist not in the kingly manner in which he walks the classic regions of the "Gods," but in the homely step which carries him through the dwellings of men. He is known—and it is a pleasing acknowledgement of his fame to say so—by thousands of little happy folk, wingless, but no less on that account our nursery angels, and by thousands of full-grown men and women. No wonder he is so well known, since he has conversed with them in a language they can understand—since he has expressed to them home delights and home sorrows with the purest Saxon feeling. The volume before us will serve still more to rivet the fellowship of the poet and his readers.

*Poems*, by Emmeline Hinxman, are womanly, tender, and gracefully artistic. They evidence a keen appreciation of rural beauties, a strong love of the various phases of nature. Let any one read "The Poet's Adventure," and he cannot but be struck with its wonderful ease—words which appear not to be placed, but to glide involuntarily into rhythm. We have no recollection of the name of Emmeline Hinxman; but, if we are to consider this book as a poetic bud, it is a bud of such rich and ruddy newness, that we anticipate flower and fruit which shall enrich the field of literature.

There is nothing new in *Troubled Dreams*, by John Hautleigh, either in the treatment or in the manner of giving expression. In them we find a sort of Byronic lamentation, without that colossal power which could fling, as Byron did, a halo of splendour round the statue of grief. In the prototype we saw a second Laocoon grandly struggling with the writhing serpents; in Mr. Hautleigh we behold merely the ordinary mortal stricken down by the weight of adverse circumstances. To give tongue to his wailings, the living poet adopts the stanza of the dead bard—dead only in the body—the stanza of Childe Harold; but the quickening spirit is absent. There are here a concatenation of circumstances provokingly reminding of things which "have been before." Witness the following:—

I saw the stranger in my father's halls,  
Lording above us, in the night of gold;  
Rude laughter echoed through dishonour'd walls,  
Where I had learn'd my first long prayer of old;  
And I could hear, among the chambers cold,  
My kindred weeping o'er their alter'd fate;  
While I, to banish sorrow, sadly stroll'd  
From haunt to haunt—but all were desolate!  
Our household gods defied, ev'n in their temple gate!

For I am one who in the world have been  
An alien still, unblest with home or home—  
And desolation, when my heart was green,  
Flooded its fertile fields, and bade me roam  
To safer shores across the ocean foam,  
And de-erts far to leave despair behind—  
For, looking back, I saw a certain doom  
Of irksome chains my struggling soul to bind;  
Therefore in other lands I strove repose to find.

Alas! am I so changed? for I have known  
The smiles of elowship, and love's caress,  
And little dream'd that I should stand alone,  
Outliving all the springs of happiness!

Mr. Hautleigh must rely on a more independent and individual course. His sonnets are doubtless the best portion of his volume, having the most nerve and firmness, and being least laden with maudlin sentimentalities.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

*Southern Africa: a Geography and Natural History of the Country, Colonies, and Inhabitants.* By the Rev. FRANCIS FLEMING, M.A., Author of "Kaffraria." London: A. Hall and Co.

The author is well acquainted with the country he describes, having resided there as a missionary for nearly five years. The knowledge of this, and the success which had attended a small volume from his pen descriptive of Kaffraria, produced many requests from his brother missionaries, intending emigrants, and readers who had found pleasure and profit in the perusal of "Kaffraria," that he would compile a book on Southern Africa, in which he might condense the information derived from others, and add much of his own. He undertook the task, and the volume before us is the product of his labour. It will amply fulfil the expectations of his friends. It is by far the most complete account of Southern Africa in our language. Commencing with its discovery and history, he proceeds to describe its geography, the

topography of the colonies and the inhabitants, devoting distinct chapters to the Hottentots, the Bushmen, and our troublesome neighbours the Kaffirs. The natural history of Southern Africa forms a most attractive division, and it is described much more fully than we have seen it elsewhere. The interior, with its tribes, of which we have as yet but little knowledge, are lastly treated of; but all that is known of them is related. Numerous engravings are scattered through the volume, which would make an excellent reading-book for young persons, as well as being a valuable addition to the library.

*Landed Property; its Sale, Purchase, Improvement, and General Management.* By FRANCIS CROSS. London: Simpkin and Co. pp. 264.

Few, except those professionally engaged in the sale or purchase of land, such as solicitors, auctioneers, and estate agents, have any knowledge of the principles which govern the value of that species of property, how best to proceed when they have occasion to buy or sell it, or the rules by which its value may be ascertained. These it has been the aim of Mr. Cross to describe in a popular manner, treating very sensibly of the present position and prospects of investors in land, with the incidental risks and liabilities; of the valuation of an estate and the circumstances calculated to enhance or deteriorate from its value. He describes the forms required for selling an estate, and the points to be looked to in either buying or selling; and a closing chapter gives some excellent hints for the improvement of landed estates. An appendix contains rules for valuing leasehold property, and various useful tables for estimating values. It will be an accession to the library of the landed gentleman, the estate agent, the steward, and the auctioneer.

*An Essay on the Principles of Education, physiologically considered.* By CHARLES COLLIER, M.D. London: Nutt.

Is there a satisfactory system of education? Can there be such? Have we not wasted a great deal of time and toil in trying to find one? Should not the number of systems that are proposed, tried, applauded, and abandoned, cause us to suspect that we may be wrong altogether in concluding that education is the proper subject of a system? Does not a system imply uniformity in the material to which it is to be applied? and is not mind, which is the subject of education, infinitely diversified? These doubts have presented themselves to us, and we turned to Dr. Collier's book hoping to find there a solution of them. He has prepared himself for this work by reviewing the systems of his predecessors, or some of the most famous of them. But, having done this, does he solve the problem? Certainly not. He throws out some remarks, not always very new, but he constructs no system. In this we think he is right; but it is not what he professes to do. We fear the inquirer will find little help from this essay.

*Anthony Burns: a History.* By CHARLES EMERY STEVENS. Boston: Jewett.

THE history of the great fugitive slave case, which in the year 1854 agitated the Union from end to end. Burns was a fugitive slave; he was seized on the soil of a free state, the utmost excitement was caused, a protracted litigation ensued, and enormous sums were spent on both sides. It is an exciting story, and will be devoured eagerly by all who take a deep interest in the question of American slavery.

*Pen and Pencil Pictures.* By THOMAS HOOD. London: Hurst and Blackett.

A COLLECTION of fugitive pieces in prose and verse, written by the son of the famous Thomas Hood. They were probably contributed to periodicals; at all events, they are better adapted for a magazine than for a volume. Miscellanies like these do not sustain the attention; they are tiresome to read right through, yet when laid down the volume is rarely taken up again. Mr. Hood has promise in him; as yet it does not amount to performance. The sketches are clever for so young a man; but they have not in themselves so much originality as to entitle them to the honour of separate publication. We hope to meet Mr. Hood again, when he has had a little more experience, and in the more attractive form of a sustained fiction.

*Letts's Diary for 1857.* Letts and Co.

THIS well-known work comes to remind us that another year has almost passed away. Its merits are familiar to our readers. In addition to all the matters for reference contained in an almanac, it has blank leaves ruled for a diary.

*Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand.* By an Englishman. Fifth Thousand. London: Saunders and Otley.—This excellent handbook of information for emigrants, actual or intended, has reached its fifth

thousand. It deserves its success, for it is full of useful, because practical intelligence.

*Cochran's Tourist's Guide to Torquay* (Torquay: Cochran).—A topography of one of the most beautiful places in England. It describes all the sights in and about it, and, like other works of its class, magnifies them amazingly.

## PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

*Blackwood* opens with a witty and good-humoured quiz upon De Quincey's "Confessions." It is entitled "A recent Confession of an Opium-eater," and must be read to be appreciated. "Respectability: a dialogue," takes a comprehensive view of the ticket-of-leave question, and touches upon other topics connected with our social hypocrisy. "Dred" receives a just appreciation, from a not unmerciful reviewer; and in an article on the English Ecclesiastical Courts the shortcomings of the Doctors' Commons tribunals are unmercifully handled.

*Bentley's Miscellany* has an amusing article on Paris life, by Dudley Costello, called "Professor Dummkoff's Adventure at the Bal Mabille;" a review of Capelgue's new work on "the History of Finance;" an article on Naples, and other articles upon interesting subjects.

*The Eclectic* has a good selection of subjects:—Torquato Tasso; China, its Civilisation and Philosophy; our Prisons and their inmates; Austrian Secret Memoirs, Zoology, Invertebrated Animals, a Vacation in Brittany; and Baily's Tour in North America.

*The Dublin University Magazine* gives an account of our political relations with Persia, an interesting subject at the present juncture of affairs between St. James's and Teheran; an article on Slavery; and an instructive essay on "our Antipodean Neighbours." The series of Biographical Sketches is continued with Talma, and the lovers of dramatic art will peruse with interest this excellent account of that great actor.

*The Monthly Review of Literature, Science, and Art* gives a scholarly review of Dr. Robinson's Biblical researches; a comparison between Gerald Massey and Mrs. Browning; an article on Naples; and other subjects of general interest.

*The West of Scotland Magazine*, in its series of Lives of the Scottish Judges, gives a sketch of Duncan Forbes of Culloden, Lord President. There is also a continuation of the tale translated from the German of Hoffmann, "Master Martin, the Cooper of Nuremberg, and his Workmen." Among the other articles we note one on Field Sports in their higher Aspects; and another on the great designers for wood-engraving, entitled "The Literary Limners of To-day." In the latter, Gilbert, Kenny Meadows, Corbould, Absolon, Goodwin, Wehnert, George Scharf, Stanfield, Duncan, Weir, and Wolf, are mentioned and appreciated.

*The Churchman's Magazine* has attained its 47th number. Its memoirs are its most attractive feature.—*The United Church Journal* is an able organ of the Irish Church.

The 7th part of the Library Edition of Chambers's *Life and Works of Burns* has the novel feature of mingling the life and works, so that the interest of both is enhanced. The same plan might worthily be adopted with other poets.

*One of Mine*, No. 2, is a humorous story, issued in monthly parts, with illustrations, after the manner of Dickens.

The 2nd number of the *Handbook for Orators*, arranged by John Bishop, of Cheltenham (Cocks and Co.), contains the "Creation," complete, for a few pence. This publication is designed to meet the popular demand for the best music.

*The Art Journal* for December engraves from the Royal Galleries Vandyke's Three Children of Charles I., and Herring's Capri. Other illustrated articles—on the Dutch landscape and flower painters; the Monks of the Middle Ages; and the Crystal Palace—give some twenty or thirty exquisite woodcuts in addition to the above.

Mr. Routledge is producing an edition of Shakespeare, of which the first number is before us. It is profusely illustrated by Gilbert, and the notes are edited by H. Staunton. It promises to be a handsome library book.

*The Cyclopædia of Female Biography*, by H. G. Adams, Part VI., is a compact biographical dictionary of famous women. This sixth part has advanced it to the letter H. It includes the living as well as the dead.

*The Journal of the Statistical Society* contains articles on the Mining Industries; on the Finance of Government Life Annuities; and a mass of miscellaneous statistics.

*The Corner Cupboard* is a new cheap periodical, designed for domestic instruction on all sorts of useful subjects, very oddly commingled—on skating, Bank of England notes, conundrums, and how to roast a turkey.

## FOREIGN LITERATURE.

## THE CRITIC ABROAD.

CHRISTMAS is coming, with all its feasts and jollities, its pastimes and fun, its tales and stories. It is shame to call the gentleman crowned with holly "Old Christmas," since he is as juvenile as ever. Not a wrinkle is to be seen on his brow. He is as rosy now as he was eighteen centuries ago—not a bit more sedate, not a tithe less hospitable. He evermore bids men to be merry. He comes annually, as a great peace-maker, to reconcile brethren and to cement families. We could write a long certificate in his favour, were it necessary. Without further preface, and since telling tales—not mischievous stories—is a feature in the advent of Father Christmas, we shall tell a tale or two, borrowed from the pages of a new work, edited very carefully by MM. Moland and d'Héricault—*Nouvelles françaises, &c.* ("French novels, in prose, of the thirteenth century.") We have plenty of French romances, in verse of this century; but the four prose novels in the present collection, of the same date, have been hitherto unknown. They are reproduced, letter for letter, in the old language of France, which, to all but those who have made the ancient dialects of France their study, is a dead language. These novels, in fact, present a greater difficulty to the Frenchman of the present day than do all the writings of Wiclif, Gower, and Chaucer, to the Englishman of ordinary reading. We shall not detain the reader with critical remarks; the introduction to the present work explains all that is necessary he should know. We leap at once into a tale from *Li contes du roi Constant l'Empereur*, condensing, as we go along, as much as possible.

Once upon a time there was a paynim emperor in Byzance (Constantinople), Muselin by name. He was a very wise man, knew more than any of his subjects, and, above all, was versed in astrology. He was fond of moonlight rambles through the city, and on one such occasion he happened to pass a house, attended by one of his officers, where a woman was in the pangs of labour. The husband stood upon the terrace, praying sometimes that his wife might be safely delivered, sometimes that she might not. This contradiction naturally struck such a man as Muselin, who said to his attendant: "Let us ask this man why he makes such a culpable vow, and, by Mahomet and Tiervagan, if he does not make me reasonable answer, he shall be hanged." The husband was put to the question, and, not knowing his interlocutor, replied: "He had read that if his child should be born under a certain conjunction of the stars, he was born to perdition; if he was born under a certain other, that he would espouse the daughter of the Emperor, and become emperor himself." "And," said the star-gazer, "this is the reason why, by turns, I have prayed God to advance or to retard the delivery of my wife. My prayer has been heard; my son, born at the favourable moment, shall espouse the daughter of Muselin, and shall be emperor in this city and over the whole earth." "Rogue, it shall not be so!" said the Emperor withdrawing. Instantly he entered his palace, and ordered his officer to bring to him the newly-born child, cut his navel-string, and wished to pluck out his heart. The officer dissuaded him from causing the child to perish. He carried him away in a state of dying to a monastery. The Abbot received the child, and gave him all his care; and, as he *coûta* (cost) a great deal for his cure, they called him *Coûtant* (Constant). Time went on. Fifteen years afterwards the Abbot, having occasion to speak to the Emperor, was accompanied by the foundling, now grown a fine young man. Muselin, struck by his fine countenance, called him to him; but no sooner had he heard of his history than he was resolved to get rid of him. He was engaged in a distant war, and employed him to carry a message to the governor of Byzance. (The reader will perceive that the story is not

very coherent). Arrived at Byzance, and waiting until he should be admitted to the Governor, tired and fatigued, he fell asleep in the garden of the palace. Whilst he slept the daughter of the Emperor entered the garden, admired the sleeping youth, and could not resist reading the dispatch by his side. Reading it, she was seized with horror, and all her care was to warn the sleeper of his danger. The *ruse* which she conceived, and which she executed with the help of one of her followers, was simple as original. For her father's letter she substituted another, signed in the same way, with the Imperial seal, prescribing to the Governor to marry the bearer of the message to the young princess. The order admitted of no delay. The malicious young minx, the better to conceal her joy, interposed against such a hurried marriage. "Lady," said the Governor, "we must do the will of *monseigneur*, your father, otherwise we shall be blamed." "Sir" replied the young damsel, who was impatient until the marriage was made, "you must speak to the Barons and Commons of this kingdom, and take their advice. If they approve of what is to be done I shall in no wise contradict them." What state or parliament ever stood out against a lady? The Barons and Commons were of one mind, and Constant, the fair young man, espoused the fair daughter of the Emperor. "And the nuptials lasted for fifteen days, and there was great joy as could be in Byzance; and in all the town there was nothing but eating, drinking, and rejoicing." Not a little astonished was Muselin on his return. But, as a wise man, he had nothing better to do than acknowledge his son-in-law. The stars had ordered things so. Constant inherited the empire; converted, of course, his wife to Christianity; and had a son called Constantine. The city, until now called Byzance, took now the name of Constantinople.

So much for one story. We need not remind the historical reader of the Emperor Constantius and his wife Helena. Muselin, the Emperor, was three centuries before Mahomet—but why strive about anachronisms now that Christmas is near? We have seen a Dutch painting of Solomon's temple, in true Gothic style, with escutcheons of knights and barons suspended against Saxon and Norman pillars, and the *Credo* above a communion-table, where ought to have been the Holy of Holies. Such mistakes will always occur where art is knowledgless of true history.

We pass on to another story—*Li amities d'Amis et d'Amile* ("The Friendship of Amis and Amile.") This story is founded on history, let those who will believe the history; since, according to Cornelius Agrippa, all historians are liars and all poets madmen. The story is touching, and the friendship such as the Middle Ages conceived of friendship. Born in different countries—the one in Germany and the other in Burgundy—they were both baptised by the Pope on the same day, who gave them the same name under the double form of *Amis* and *Amile*. Both were alike in form and feature. Separated immediately after their baptism, they grew up to manhood without this resemblance having disappeared, and were both seized at the same moment with the strong desire of seeing one another again. They set out on the same day to seek for one another, and the incidents of their journey tended only to strengthen their affection. Amis saved the life of Amile, and procured for him the hand of Belisant, the Emperor's daughter. But soon after he had to put the devotion of his friend to proof. Smitten with leprosy, driven forth by his wife, deserted by all, he took refuge with Amile, who received him with the greatest kindness, and lavished upon him his utmost cares; but in vain, for the sad disease continued. It came to pass, however, that one night the angel Raphael, the angel of the Lord, appeared to the leper, and said: "I am Raphael, the angel of our Lord, and I come to announce to thee the cure for thy malady. Thou must say to Amile that he shall slay his two children, and wash thee with their blood, and then thou shalt recover the health of thy body." Amis was shocked at this horrible remedy; but the angel had ordered it, and the leper revealed to his friend the celestial message.

Amile at first was wroth; but when he was assured by the solemn oath of the leper that the angel had so spoken, he hesitated no longer. Faith and friendship were stronger than paternal love. He sent his wife out to church to pray.

Then he took his sword, and went to the bed where his babes were lying asleep. He leant over them, and began to cry bitterly, and said: "Was there ever father who voluntarily slew his children! Alas! my babes, I shall no longer be a father, but a cruel murderer."

The children awoke on feeling the tears of their father fall upon their cheeks. They knew him and began to laugh, and, as they were about three years old, the father said: "Your laughter shall be turned into tears, for your innocent blood is to be shed." Thus said, he cut off the head of each and placed them upon the bed, adjusting the head to the body, and covered them as if the two were asleep; and with their blood he bathed his friend. Thereby was complete, and Amis immediately recovered his health. Belisant, ignorant of the horrible price at which the cure had been obtained, joined with them in thanksgiving. It was now the third hour, and the father and mother had not yet seen their children; but the father sighed greatly, because of the death of his infants, and the Countess asked for her children, to play with them, and the Count said: "Let the children sleep." And he entered their chamber quite alone to weep over them, and found them playing on the bed. But in place of a wound he saw around the neck of each a scarlet thread, as it were, only. The story is told with a pathos and delicacy which we cannot render. All that is ugly and horrible is kept out of sight; all that is honourable and affectionate is fully displayed. The language is rude, unformed; but there is heart in it.

In the same volume may be read the *Li Contes dou roi Flore et de la belle Jehane*, a pretty story rather broadly told; but remember that we are in the thirteenth century, when a goose was called a goose. The character of Robert is full of grace and chivalry. Jehane (Jean), above all, is admirable in her simplicity, in her virtue, energy, and devotion. A better picture of feudality in France, at this epoch, cannot be conceived.

The romance of Aucassin and Nicolette is exquisite. It must be read to be enjoyed. Here prose and rhyme alternate, and the reader is carried pleasantly over ground which, but for this circumstance, would be dreary. The Count of Beaucaire says very sagely to Aucassin that, since he cannot marry Nicolette, he had better separate from her than keep her as his mistress; for such a sin would be to commit her to Hell and to deprive her of Paradise. "What have I to do with Paradise?" replied Aucassin, "provided I have not Nicolette, the sweet friend I love so much." And then occurs a bit of fearful heresy. "In Paradise there are only old limping priests, who day and night cough and spit before the altar—old, frocked, hooded vermin, who die of hunger, thirst, cold, and malady. Such are the people who enter Paradise; what have I to do with them? I would rather go to Hell; for in Hell are all the fine fellows, all the gay cavaliers who have fallen in tournaments, squires and jolly men—I would rather be with them. And there too are the fine ladies—the handsome dames who have had two or three friends whilst they had a husband. There there is plate and gold, harpers and fiddlers; with these I would rather be provided if I had with me my Nicolette, my very sweet friend." There may be satire intended here—a hit at the Church; but we know not. The thirteenth century borders so close upon Paganism that it is difficult sometimes to resolve, in the traditions of this age, what is due to Paganism and what to Christianity. There was a Latin literature in those days, and also Greek traditions. Our ancestors—here and on the Continent—appear to have made from these elements a strange composition of fact and fable. We could have wished to have presented pleasanter tales than these, for Christmas telling; but we are bound to the book.



## FRANCE.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, Dec. 11.

M. Gustave Planche and M. de Mirecour—*Figaro* and its Ruling Genius—Eccentric Publishers—Failure of a new Comedy at the Français—Immense Success of a Satirical Piece at the Vaudeville—"Les Faux Bonshommes"—M. Ponsard versus William Shakespeare—A Lecture for Journalists, by a retiring "Frère de Plume"—Criticism as it is in Paris—Début and Triumph of Mlle. Piccolomini.

A CERTAIN sensation has been created in the world of letters by an action for libel brought by M. Gustave Planche against M. Eugene de Mirecour. The latter, whose little biographies are, like the law, no respectors of persons, had made the well-known critic of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* the subject of one of those duodecimo little volumes which are not altogether unknown to your readers. The brochure, however, had hardly made its appearance in the publishers' windows when it was seized under a warrant from the Procureur Impérial. The few numbers that have escaped the clutches of the police were sold at prices so enormous that I am afraid to mention them. It is related of Cardinal Mazarin, that he had the entire edition of a pamphlet written against him seized at the publisher's, and had each copy privately sold to his bitterest enemies. He made something like one hundred thousand francs by this sensible vengeance, and, out of the profits, sent a hundred louis to the author. It is not stated whether M. Gustave Planche has followed the Cardinal's example; but, in any case, he has not confined himself to this judicious course, but is determined to drag M. de Mirecour before the tribunals. I have neither time nor inclination at present to pass judgment upon M. de Mirecour's publications, or the spirit in which his biographies are conceived. They have enjoyed great popularity.

A bi-weekly satirical paper called *Figaro*, written with a talent and courage that justifies its popularity, and almost excuses the impertinence it too frequently indulges in, a few weeks ago experienced a heavy blow. Its principal writer was M. Villemot, a gentleman who filled the post of *chroniqueur*, or "table-talk writer." M. Villemot excelled in the art of "shoot-ing folly as it flies"—could bring down a *canard* at the longest range, cook it, and dress it for the taste of the most blasé of readers. This paragon of scribblers, however, was snapped up by the *Indépendance Belge*, and the *Figaro* for two or three weeks became very dull reading. People wondered what had become of M. Villemot's talents; no trace of it was to be found in his new *feuilleton*, and he had not left it behind him in the columns of the *Figaro*. He does not appear to have found it yet. But *retourmons à nos moutons*. About a month ago, *Figaro* published a letter from "Un bon jeune homme à sa cousine Madeleine." It was signed by "Valentin de Queville." The humorous quietness, and assumption of rustic innocence of the style, was only equalled by the brilliant wit and the biting satire so fine and polished, that to be offended at it is impossible, and yet so keen, that even the rhinocerotian hide of Dr. Véron could not withstand a stab from that easy graceful pen. People began to ask each other, "Have you seen *Figaro*—and who the deuce is this *bon jeune homme*?" *Vox publica* soon designated M. Edmond About; and *vox publica*, which is seldom wrong, was once more in the right. M. About's literary career merits to be described in a few words. He was a pupil of the *Ecole Normale*, where young men, whose natural talents and a taste for the classics leads them that way, are by a slow and painful process converted into professors. The cleverest, after going through the routine of the school, are sent to Athens, where, you are possibly not aware, there is an *Ecole Française*. There they spend two or three years studying the antiquities, and the manners of the descendants of the Miltiades. M. About did this *con amore*; for when he came back he published a book called "La Grèce contemporaine, which produced a sensation in Paris, and was translated and favourably received in London. "Modern Greece" was followed by "Tolla," which met with a success that made M. About a general favourite with the public, and was the signal of a general attack upon him on the part of that terrible confraternity, the Paris critics, who were naturally quite as enraged at the success of the book—which they swore, not without a shadow of truth, was not original—as a physician in the days of Molière would have been at a patient's recovery against the rules of the faculty. But the attacks against him only increased M. About's reputation. The verdict of the public was simply confirmed by his subsequent production, "Les Mariages de Paris;" and by his present contributions to *Figaro* M. About places himself at the head of the French writers of the day, as an essayist and critic. To define him à l'Anglaise, I would say he has the causticity of Thackeray with more brilliancy, wit, and freshness, and the tenderness of North with the elegance of Addison.

At the Français they are now acting a little comedy called *Pauvre d'Esprit*, a title which will stick to the writer, M. Laya, as long as he lives, if he does not write something much better than his present production. The subject, in a word, is a kind of battle between genius and stupidity, in which the former is distanced altogether; patient dullness and

prudent mediocrity being shown to be far more successful in life than high capacity. At first the applause was immoderate, for every dullard in the *salle* applied the compliments of the writer to himself, and of course was transported. But as the piece crept on it gradually expanded into haziness so profound, that these raptures subsided, and the curtain fell in "solemn silence." The only thing in the piece I brought away in my memory was the well-known story of Sir Isaac Newton and his little dog—which, in gambolling round his master's desk, threw down his wax-light among his papers and destroyed a series of calculations which had cost the great astronomer some years of labour. On discovering the catastrophe, the philosopher, with the calmness of true wisdom, avoiding all useless irritation, simply apostrophised his dumb favourite with—"Ah, Diamond, thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done." This anecdote the author has boldly transferred to one of his principal characters; and Hortense, the daughter of one of the wise men of the comedy, tells the story at very great length, she herself when a child enacting the part of the little quadruped, and burning some of her father's valuable papers. This is told to her husband, who is somewhat passionate, in order to show the superiority of her father's mind; but, though delivered with all the elaborate care and point that the still handsome Mme. Plessey could infuse into the incident, its effect fell very short of that produced by the little story of Newton and his "Diamond." The Français is certainly in a vein of ill-success just now; not only are its few novelties worthless, but excellent pieces are carried to the minor theatres. For instance, there is now acting at the Vaudeville an admirable comedy, called *Les Faux Bonshommes*, which, though much too broad for a first-class piece on the classic boards of the Français, contains much of the farcical humour and cutting satire of Molière himself. Here we have hypocrites of various kinds shown up—pretenders to virtue, religion, benevolence, kind-heartedness, &c., stripped of their assumed qualities and displayed in their true colours. The colouring is high, but the sketching is in the broad style of our own Hogarth, which he who runs may read; and the piece fills the theatre night after night, to such an excess that places must be taken several days in advance, to secure admission. This is one of the genuine proofs of real taste in the Paris public; give them a good piece, of whatever nature, no matter at what theatre, and it is sure of success. A little fastidiousness on the score of morality would be, of course, desirable, but that is the last thing ever thought about—and hence many, not to say most, of their modern pieces are not unfrequently revolting from their undisguised licentiousness; but let there be merit, literary or dramatic, and whether it be a tragedy, comedy, melo-drama, or farce, it is taken up by the public, and makes a little fortune for its author.

It is true the merit required to achieve success is not always of an exalted standard, to wit M. Ponsard's last comedy "La Bourse"—a title which literally rendered into English would be "The Stock Exchange"—a subject that would embrace an immeasurably wider view of society, as it is at the present day, than this writer's mental eye was ever formed to span. M. Ponsard's mode of attacking this giant cancer is by exhibiting the effects of some peddling speculations in the family of a retired *bourgeois*, by which the worthy cit loses a considerable sum through his intended son-in-law, and an old serving-man in the family all his savings. The old fellow in his vexation refuses his daughter's hand to the unlucky jobber; but a generous iron-master steps in at the proper moment and sets matters to rights. This (writing from memory) is M. Ponsard's style of reading a great lesson to the French public on one of the most prolific sources of ruin and immorality in existence. A stirring, forcible passage or two descriptive of the disadvantages laboured under in stock-jobbing by the general public, on entering the lists with the great Goliaths of speculation, promise something like power; but the power never comes, for it is not in the man. Such is the dramatic poet of to-day in France! Yet, such as it is, "La Bourse" has put at least 75,000f. into M. Ponsard's pocket: it obtained for him a very flattering letter from the Emperor—who, *en passant*, does not shine in matters of taste, literary or dramatic; and, to crown his honour, it gained for him a chair in the Academy. I shall say little indeed respecting his inauguration speech, in which he dealt somewhat hardly with a brother dramatist, one William Shakespeare, with whom his familiarity is such that he designates him "Old Williams" (*sic*). M. Ponsard admits that Old Williams had some merit, but deems him much over-rated by ignorant eulogists—which may be true, though of his merits or his defects I must entirely deny the competence of the author of "La Bourse" to judge. To men of the calibre of M. Ponsard, Shakespeare is a sealed book. It would be as easy for him to write a tragedy of Shakespeare's as to comprehend the immensity of his genius.

One of the hundred little literary and theatrical journals which every year sees brought forth in Paris to shine and fade after a brief season of existence has just expired, having in its last moments discharged a Parthian arrow at its surviving brethren in the shape of an Essay on Modern Journalism, which contained

some very good advice, though not administered with much politeness. Its counsels, though chiefly intended for the minor press, were not limited to these minnows; for the more important journals were favoured with hints for their political articles and general contents, which might be adopted with advantage by newspapers in other cities than Paris. The writer begins by exhorting the *Débats* and *La Presse* to eschew yarns from their correspondents—an improvement which he contends might easily be effected by the editorial pen being invariably drawn, in the first place, across the long exordium with which the writers commence all articles deemed to be important. These, for the most part, are composed of philosophical reflections, classic quotations, and other displays calculated to show off the profundity and erudition of the writer, but having little or no connection with the subject under discussion. Our essayist then proceeds to discuss the style of the literary, dramatic, and musical criticisms which are to be found in the papers, many of which he states are notoriously paid for, a species of corruption to which the proprietors and editors most unaccountably close their eyes. The small fry of the cheap press, which are known to draw their means of existence from this degrading system, this slashing scarifier leaves to the *Police correctionnelle*—before which they have so frequently to appear to answer for defamatory articles upon non-paying authors and actors; but upon what is called the respectable part of the press he is bitingly severe. He shows that the connection known to exist between the directors of some of the theatres and the writers in the influential papers is fatal to the honest expression of opinion on the drama and its execution, which the public have a right to look for. How, he asks, can a critic, himself an author, with a vaudeville in the hands of Monsieur—of the Palais Royal, awaiting its turn to be read, publish a damaging verdict on a piece at the same theatre? How, he inquires, can a gentleman, after enjoying the pleasures of Signor or Madame—his hospitable board, do less than repay their flattering attentions with eulogistic notices of their respective talents? These and other queries, of an equally troublesome description to answer, fill up the remainder of a long and spicy valedictory article on "Modern Journalism," which the writer would certainly never have penned nor published, had not his paper been hastening to the fatal bourne "whence no newspaper returns."

The great operatic event of the season has just taken place here, being the first appearance of the darling of Italy, Marie Piccolomini. Much interest was attached to this young lady's debut, from the historic celebrity of her name, as well as her remarkable talents, her youth, and her introduction of a new school, which in Italy is already making hundreds of converts, including the greatest composers of the day. Independent of this, she appeared in Verdi's opera of *La Traviata*, performed for the first time here; and all circumstances combined raised an excitement wholly unparalleled. The public at once, captivated by the unaffected grace and gaiety of her style of acting, and her charming air of ingenuousness and youth, adopted her at first sight, and notwithstanding that her singing was not in the least in the school of Persiani or Sontag, the very first air was followed by a thundering *encore*, and her pathetic acting and feeling in the succeeding scenes, aided by her pure, clear, liquid tones, found their way to every heart. The opera was re-demanded on Monday, though not an opera night, when, having got rid of the trepidation of the first appearance, Mlle. Piccolomini was, if possible, even more successful. The next night the performance was repeated by command of their Majesties, and is announced nightly until further notice. The opera, I must add, is not much liked, the subject having been worn bare by some two or three hundred representations of *La Dame aux Camélias*, from which the opera is taken. Mario and Graziani sang both most admirably.

## ITALY.

(FROM OUR ITALIAN CORRESPONDENT.)

(Continued from page 572.)

LATELY have appeared in Rome two publications (neither, it seems, much noticed), adding to the large amount of commentary literature upon Dante—"The Material of the Divine Comedy, explained in VI. Tables" (*La Materia della Divina Commedia dichiarata*, &c.), by M. C.—initials that stand for Michael Cartani, Duke of Sermoneta; and the "Arrangement of Subjects by which Dante informed the First Canto of the Divine Comedy" (*Degli ordinamenti onde ebbe Dante informata*, &c.), by Fortunato Lanci. The ducal author is said to have had assistance from a very learned young Roman, named Castagnola, and the aim of his work is to illustrate the topography, and what may be called the scientific elements of the poem; whilst that of Lanci's is to analyse the moral and historic order, explain allusions to contemporary or other events, and collate passages illustrating each other—an aim which, if not the most exalted, he has pursued with laudable diligence. But it seems a waste of erudition, in such labours, to attempt determining the precise date

of Dante's imaginary meeting with Virgil in the allegoric forest—the night of Thursday, between the 9th and 10th April 1300, we are assured by this writer: accepting whose calculation as infallible, might not we ask *cui bono?*

The Index has lately put forth two long lists of prohibitions, including one work in English, "Principles of Political Economy," by John Stuart Mill; also, a Treatise on Animal Magnetism, the practice of which remains under strict embargo here.

In the occasional poetry poured forth, here as in every other Italian city, in form of the sonnet or *terzine*, whenever a young lady becomes a nun or a bride, or on sundry other events suggesting common-places in rhyme, little is there, indeed, to deserve notice. Leopardi, melancholy, deeply feeling, and learned, must rank amongst Italy's great poets, and Prati still lives to vindicate the claims of the national muse; but these apart, how difficult to find anything in the poetry of the last twenty years or more produced this side the Alps, of which can be predicated the least chance of being remembered half a century hence. Nevertheless, I may mention a little volume before me of lyrics in various metres, by Giovanni Torlonia, nephew to the Banker Prince, as containing evidences of a cultured mind, love of nature, and piety, also of an acquaintance with German and English literature by no means common in Rome. There are graceful and pleasing passages in many of these lyrics; and an Ode to Leopardi, at the end, has beauty of a higher order. One subject displays dispositions in the author creditable to his benevolence, and a readiness to depart from the beaten track of themes for song—"On the new models of houses for peasants," suggested by the device of a friend, one Canevari, sent with such projects of domestic improvement to the International Congress of Benevolence at Brussels. The nephew of a truly great poet, Vincenzo Monti, has lately appeared in the arena with a small volume of occasional pieces, at Florence, under the same family name.

Theiner's great Latin work, in continuation of Baronius's *Annals*, is, I understand, complete (though in no part yet published) in three goodly folios, which the Oratorian father has dedicated severally to the Pope, the Emperors of France and of Austria, the last of whom has sent him a decoration in acknowledgment. He has incorporated in this work his life of Clement XIV., originally published at Paris, and just tolerated, without being approved, in Rome, on account of its reflections against the Jesuits, only suffered to reappear in its new garb after severe castration by the hand of the head censor himself, a Dominican, styled "Master of the Sacred Palace." The press belonging to the Marquis Campana undertakes the printing of this long-expected work. Another ponderous Latin publication, on "Matrimony," is being prepared by the celebrated theologian Perrone, of the Roman College.

It is less than a month since the death of the first archæologic writer of Rome, Canina; and another, great in the same as well as in other walks, is now to be mourned for. Professor Oriolo died in this city yesterday, of cerebral congestion, in his 75th year, after a life devoted to the studies of archæology, ancient literature, and philology with unwearied application, scarcely ever remitted up to the period of its close. His biography, when compiled, will be

peculiarly interesting, for his career was partly that of political as well as literary activity and successes. In 1831 he was one of the revolutionary junta at Bologna which proclaimed the downfall of the Papal sovereignty in its temporalities. Obligated to fly, after the suppression of that movement by Austrian intervention, he was in the vessel bound for Corfu which was overtaken in the Adriatic, and, among other fugitives, brought back to expiate their offence in the prisons of Venice. Subsequently he spent many years in exile, visiting different countries, and, I believe, England and the Greek Isles among others. Under the government of Pius IX. these revolutionary adventures were forgotten and forgiven in his case, and he became a prominent public character here—first as a journalist, afterwards as deputy of the short-lived constitutional Chambers, in which latter capacity he always remained faithful to his principles of moderate Liberalism, Conservative much more than Radical, and opposed to all the excesses of the Revolution. His journal, the *Bilancia*, though able, was not eminently successful in its efforts to stem the torrent of democratic passions and opinions already surging high at the period it was established—in '47. After the Papal restoration, Oriolo still continued in public life as member of the Council of State created by Pius IX., an institution retained, though modified, after the vicissitudes of '48. Till death he occupied his cathedra of archæology at the Sapienza University, together with other posts in various learned bodies—as member of the Philosophical College, and "Censor" to the Archæologic Academy in Rome, Academician of the *Nuovi Lincei* (the scientific society formed here in the seventeenth century, and revived under the present Pope), and of all the other most noted societies, literary and scientific, that rank as *Accademie* in Italy. Oriolo was born (1782), in the province of Viterbo, the antiquities of which town and district he laboured much to illustrate. To the last years of his life he continued active in capacity of contributor to periodicals, and orator at the frequent assemblages of literary or antiquarian bodies in Rome. The *Arcadian Journal* had, in almost each of its trimestrial numbers, some voluminous article from his pen on archæologic or scientific themes. His infirm health, for some years past, had never, I understand, induced him to relaxation except at intervals, from habits of energetic studiousness. In person diminutive and fragile, his air was that of one whose mind had been overwrought, and it might have been said at once, on seeing him, that toils of intellect and mental anxieties had filled the life recorded on those lineaments. The Roman journals, announcing his decease, mention his having received the Sacraments and all consolations of religion during his short illness.

Not many days since was closed by sudden death another long career, that of Piale, proprietor of the English subscription-library and reading-rooms on the Piazza di Spagna, for many years the special rendezvous of our countrymen and of Anglo-Americans here, and the only similar establishment in Rome till, three winters ago, a rival one was opened by the German, Spithauer. Piale had done his best to make his establishment agreeable to his numerous customers, and was a worthy man in his way; but good management certainly was wanting, seeing that, notwithstanding the opportunities afforded by his position, he had been

long a bankrupt, and, as insolvent, obliged to place his library under the administration of creditors. On the very last day of his life the entire collection of books had been sold, by three parties, for 8000 scudi, to the secretary of the English Consulate, and this event seems to have inflicted the shock immediately fatal to the poor man, who dropped down dead, although no preceding illness had warned of such a catastrophe. The Consul's secretary has not been allowed to carry on the business in his own name, on account of his not being enrolled among the *librai*, who form here a regular guild, with established laws and privileges, extralegal, indeed, though guaranteed by the concessions of Popes. I was glad to hear that Pius IX., on learning of his decease and that the bereaved family were in embarrassments, desired the reading-rooms might be immediately reopened (after a closing for a few days) and legally secured in permanence to the Piale family. It was by this publisher, in company with two Italian gentlemen, that was established the English weekly journal, the *Roman Advertiser*, destined to brief existence here in the first years of the present Pontificate.

Brigandage is continually increasing and attaining to more desperate audacity in this country. Even within a few hours' drive from the gates of Rome (and sometimes less) armed men go about with daggers and muskets, their faces masked, attacking diligences or private vehicles. The inert authorities of this city have been roused to take precautions, but as yet far from efficient, against this growing evil. It was only the 31st of last month that a gentleman of property at Velletri was taken from his carriage, between that town and Genzano, and, after being robbed of watch and purse, actually carried off to the mountains, on the system of organised bandit outrage supposed long since extirpated from Italian society, even in the wildest regions. Here, in a deserted farmhouse, was this gentleman forced to sign an order for 6000 scudi, which his coachman, who had been also seized, was sent with to Velletri, and that sum was actually remitted thence by his brother, and paid in ready money, before the captive obtained liberty, without any interference of military or police! Some French ladies, walking, not long since, on the Civitavecchia road, which is frequented by public vehicles daily, were robbed of every valuable about their persons, even to their silk dresses, and thus left, *en chemise*, by the wayside! About two months ago, the house of an affluent family, near the road between Pesaro and Urbino, was surrounded by fifty or sixty men, on a Sunday morning, when all but one of the family were in the little church adjacent, and, after cries for assistance had collected the rest, all were made secure, whilst, the house being still beleaguered outside, the mother of the family was constrained to conduct a certain number of the robbers into every room, open for them every receptacle, and thus enable them to pillage every moveable article of value, besides money, that came to their hands. Only three nights afterwards the same gang returned, and attacked at night the house of the priest, the only other habitation near, but were this time opposed by a force placed within summons, who interchanged several shots with them, though not one was taken, dead or alive. The idea prevailed at Pesaro that the police of Urbino were themselves a party to, and interested in, these outrages.

## SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c.

### SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

#### THE FORTNIGHT.

In describing the district from Cape Wrath and Durness to Sleat, the southern portion of the Isle of Skye, with an extent of more than 100 miles, and a breadth of from 15 to 30 miles, Professor Nicol, in a paper on the Red Sandstones and Quartzites of the North-west of Scotland, at the Geological Society, illustrated the structure by transverse sections across the district, and by a section of the southern part of Skye. These sections present more or less uniformly the following ascending series of rocks, which, excepting the lower gneiss, have in general an inclination towards the south-east. 1. Gneiss with some granite veins, having a general N.W. and S.E. direction. 2. Red conglomerates, grits, and sandstone, lying unconformably on the gneiss, exposed along a tract 20 miles in width, the beds being about 3000 feet thick, rapidly diminishing in an easterly direction. 3. White quartzite, unconformably to the red sandstone, and frequently accompanied by an overlying siliceous limestone, forming a band about 10 miles wide, and in places 500 feet thick. 4. Gneiss of a different character from the lower gneiss, and at many localities overlying the quartzite. The red sandstones of No. 2 were apparently unfossiliferous, the quartzite presenting some evidence of organic remains, the limestone, furnishing some univalve shells besides other indistinct fossils, the red

sandstones and conglomerates, formed parts of one series, and were referable to the Devonian age; while the quartzite and limestones of No. 3 represented the lower carboniferous series of the south of Scotland. The whole district has successively undergone physical changes, from the deposition of the conglomerates to the period of the elevation of these Highlands into the region of ice and snow, and of the formation of enormous glaciers along the ravines, traces of which still remain in the perched blocks and local accumulations of drift and in the highly polished surfaces of their hardest rocks. This period was followed by subsidence, and by a still later partial elevation.

Dr. Buist, on the Occurrence of Crystallisation in Stucco, stated that, having thrown out of doors a quantity of fragments of plaster castings, after exposure to the atmosphere and rain they had soon been covered with crystals of selenite. Other interesting instances of alterations in molecular arrangement were exhibited.

With reference to the volcanic eruptions of Mauna Loa in Hawaii, late advices state that fresh lava is not met with until about eight miles from Hilo. The lava appears to be now spreading more laterally, bursting out through the old crust, and flowing off to the right and left. A communication, referring to the severe shock felt at the island of Rhodes of the 12th of October last, reported that it lasted nearly two minutes, and was accompanied with great destruction of life and property. The first motion was

vertical, the second horizontal, and the third vertical. The shock was also felt in the adjacent islands.

Mr. B. Williamson read a paper at the Chemical Society "On Compounds obtained by the action of anhydrous Sulphuric Acid upon the Chlorides of Hydrogen, Ethyl, and Methyl," showing that the first of these combinations was identical with bodies which Rose and Dr. Williamson had previously obtained by different processes. And associated with this compound were several bodies hitherto considered anomalous.

The subject of the search for the unfortunate Franklin and his associates has been again brought before the Royal Geographical Society. There has been some division of opinion as to the real use of any further attempts being made and renewed dangers incurred. The plan proposed by Lieutenant Pim is a combined land and sea expedition to the mouth of the Great Fish River, to renew the search where Dr. Rae discovered some traces of the parties, the only spot not yet thoroughly explored. A small screw vessel, with a crew of twenty men, to proceed by way of Barrow Straits into Peel's Sound, and there, by the assistance of teams of dogs, to search the shores of the Sound. Another vessel of the same description to enter by Behring's Straits, and winter at King William's Land. The land expedition would winter near the sources of the Great Fish River, the three parties to meet the following summer at the mouth of that river. This would be a comprehensive scheme, and definitely settle the question of there being any survivors. The

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two parties by sea starting from opposite points are essential for success; as it will be seen that the very winds and currents which might prove an obstacle to the advance of one of the parties might be the very cause of success to the other, so that there would be a chance of one of the vessels reaching her destination. The matter has been pressed upon the Government by Sir R. Murchison, and, if not acceded to, Lady Franklin has determined to send out another expedition to these regions on her own account.—Capt. Sherard Osborn stated to the society that Capt. Parker, of the *Truelove*, reports that the Esquimaux had large sledges of wood, which they had got from a ship that had been broken up on the beach, and that there was another vessel pressed up in the ice, but not yet broken up, on Prince Regent Inlet. The wood the sledges were made of had tunnel-holes. The natives frequent Pond Bay, in Baffin's Straits. These vessels were supposed to be two more of the deserted squadron.

Specimens of the recently-discovered iron deposits in the Himalayas, of which an account was given in a former number (*CRITIC*, Nov. 15), have been exhibited at the Institution of Civil Engineers. These deposits were found in the lower range called the Bhabur, at a general elevation of about 500 feet above the adjacent plain. There were six different beds of ironstone, lying one above the other, of varying thickness and quality, and containing on an average from 40 to 50 per cent. of metallic iron. The inclosing rocks of the beds were micaceous sandstones, not unlike the sandstones of a coal formation, and mountain limestone, of excellent quality for flux, formed part of the adjacent hills. The whole district was a dense forest, principally of hard woods, in inexhaustible quantity and peculiarly suitable for making charcoal, and there is ample water-power for machinery. The interior of the hills is stated to contain immense deposits of rich hematite, specular and magnetic iron ores, and also copper, galena, and other minerals. Specimens also were shown of coal, iron, copper, &c., from the Natal coal beds in South-Eastern Africa, which had been traced from the seacoast to the Kathlamba Mountains, a distance of 150 miles. They varied in thickness, from a few inches to fourteen feet, at the outcrop. Iron, copper, &c., were also found in abundance in other districts.

The Scottish Meteorological Society has lately issued its first report. It is made up for the quarter ending Sept. 30th. The weather had deviated much from that usually prevailing in the summer months. The mean pressure of the barometer has been below the mean 29.849—the average of former years being 29.884. The mean temperature was deficient. The average of former years gives 57.2° Fahr., while that of the last quarter was 54.8°. The fall of rain has been in excess; the imperfect data of former years indicated a mean depth of about 6.95 inches; but during the past quarter the mean depth amounted to 10.65 inches. A heavy gale of wind blew across the island on July 15th, having been most severely felt in the North of Scotland. A severe thunderstorm burst over on August 7th, the centre of the storm passed obliquely across the island from the Perthshire range of hills to the Clyde. It was attended with injury and loss of life to man and animals, and with much damage to trees and houses. Falling stars were seen from Braemar on the 3rd, 5th, and 31st of August. A brilliant aurora borealis was observed at Kirkpatrick-Juxta on the 16th, and another on the 31st at Aberdeen.

A special meeting will be held this evening at the Royal Geographical Society to receive Dr. Livingstone, and present him with a gold medal of the society. A new diving-bell, called the *Submarine Nautilus*, has been tried with success at New York. The great feature of the machine is, that it is independent of all outside assistance, being managed from the inside alone. Sir Snow Harris, F.R.S., had an interview with the French Emperor, for the purpose of introducing to his notice his system of marine lightning conductors, universally adopted in the English navy. The Copley medal of the Royal Society has been this year awarded to M. Milne Edwards, the Rumford medal to M. Pasteur, of Lille. Royal medals have also been presented to Sir J. Richardson, M.D., and to Professor W. Thomson, of Glasgow.

## ARCHITECTURE.

IN the place of our architectural notice this month, we would pay our tribute of admiring regret to the departed genius of the late James Meadows Rendel, the eminent engineer, who died on Friday the 21st of November, at his house in Palace Gardens, Kensington. He was apparently in the vigour of his manhood till about a month before his decease, when he felt suddenly very ill, and took to the bed from which he was to rise no more. Like some others, whose high fame has been accomplished by too unremitting labour, he appears to have sacrificed himself to his profession. His energy was not less remarkable than his originaive ability and thorough acquirements in theoretic principle and experienced knowledge; and the vast works he has accomplished, or was engaged in at the time of his death, will secure his name a lasting celebrity.

Mr. Rendel was a pupil of Telford's, and first distinguished himself by the erection of perhaps the most elegant iron bridge in the kingdom; that which crosses the Lary at Plymouth, erected at the cost of the late Earl of Morley. For some years he held his head quarters at Plymouth, a place rather noted for the temporary than the permanent retention of its remarkable men. It was, however, an ultimate advantage to Mr. Rendel that Plymouth could not retain him; for all that the south west of England could have afforded had been limited indeed, compared with what speedily followed his removal to London. From his office in Great George-street went forth designs for docks, piers, boat-bridges, &c., to all parts of the united kingdom, as well as to India and other remote localities; and he was the better enabled to take important part in the transactions of the Institution of Civil Engineers. In fine, he lived to become one of the leading few of his profession whose fame is world-wide, and among whom he had no superior.

There is much more of the artist in his Lary Bridge than is usually seen in engineer design—its lines are singularly elegant; and among his unexecuted designs is one in which even the poetic element is fascinatingly brought into play. We allude to his proposed chain bridge over the Avon at Clifton, near Bristol, which he intended to construct without artificial piers, making the natural rocks on either side the river serve the purpose. His proposal was to form a winding descent, so as to pass on to the bridge through a tunnel; thus leaving the platform or roadway of the bridge supported, as it were, by a "magic web," extending its pendent curves from rock to rock. This poetical conception, however, was put aside for the ordinary practical mode; and the result has been that, in lieu of a bridge without piers, we now behold the absurdity of piers without a bridge. The money that would have probably realised Mr. Rendel's plan has been expended to worse than no issue, since one of the most beautiful scenes in England has been uselessly disfigured by two monster masses of grotesque deformity. It would be a well-spent labour in the sculptor who may be intrusted with Mr. Rendel's monument, if a bas-relief of the proposed Clifton-bridge were carved on its pedestal.

Among the more original of the deceased engineer's ingenuities are the steamboat ferry-bridges, which cross over the Ichen, near Southampton, and the Tamar, between Devonport and Cornwall, unimpeded, and scarcely affected by any violence of wind or weather. As may be perhaps known, the wheels on either side the engine-room traverse under two parallel chains that extend under water across the river, without any hindrance to the passage of the vessels sailing up or down. Stage-coaches or the heaviest wagons drive on and off the platform of the moving bridge, or rather boat, their transit over the water being as expeditious as if they were moving uninterrupted along the road; and the practical man of science ever bears testimony to the extraordinary cleverness with which the many difficulties that first presented themselves have been met. The ever-active invention of Mr. Rendel was, indeed, remarkable. Learned in all the extant knowledge of his profession, and thoroughly experienced in its application, he was ever adding to the stores of discovery and novel contrivance. He lies buried in the cemetery of Kensall-green; having afforded, in his last hours, an example for dying men not less admirable than the pattern he had shown for living ones.

## ART AND ARTISTS.

**PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAITS.**—The use of photography for multiplying the portraits of celebrated persons is progressively on the increase. Messrs. Maull and Polyblank continue their excellent series, and have recently added the portrait of Samuel Warren, Esq., Q.C., to the list. Mr. Herbert Watkins, Regent-street, whose productions in this line excel anything of the kind that we have seen, has now on view an unrivalled collection of celebrities, and we understand that it is the intention of the managers of the Fine Art Exhibition at Manchester to admit a selection of these portraits, grouped together as representatives of "Men of the Time." Mr. Watkins has lately added to his collection the following well-known names, in addition to those which we formerly noticed. *Public Men:* Sir Colin Campbell, Major-General Perronet Thompson, Colonel Addison, Lord Combermere, Lord Craven, Mr. Collingwood Ibbotson, Mr. J. Knox Holmes, and Lord Stanhope. *Authors, Journalists, and Artists:* Mr. G. Moore, W. Beverley, Palgrave Simpson, C. H. Bennett, Balfe, Albert Smith, J. Lowe, and Walter Savage Landor. *Actors and Actresses:* Miss Cushman, Mrs. W. Lacy, Mrs. Yates, Mrs. Stirling, and Miss Marston, Messrs. Leigh Murray, Harley Meadows, Walter Lacy, Ryder, F. Matthews, A. Wigan, F. Robson, and Chippendale.

## TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

A ROYAL commission will shortly be issued, appointing Lord Broughton, the Dean of St. Paul's, Mr. R. Ford, Mr. Faraday, Mr. Cockerell, R.A., and Mr.

George Richmond, to inquire into and determine the site of the new National Gallery, and to report on the desirableness of combining with it the fine art and archaeological collections of the British Museum.—The Lords of the Treasury, at the request of the Manchester Committee of Art Treasures, have been pleased to grant to Mr. Peter Cunningham six months' leave of absence from his official duties. Mr. Cunningham is to edit the Catalogue of the Art Treasures Exhibition, and to assist the committee generally in the selection and arrangement of the several works of art.—2250*l.* has been subscribed towards a monument of Wallace. The statue is to be erected on the Abbey Craig, near Stirling.—We (*Times*) understand that Mr. Sheepshanks has munificently presented to the nation the whole of his collection of paintings and drawings for the purposes of public instruction in art. Mr. Sheepshanks, disapproving irresponsible management by boards like the trustees of the British Museum and National Gallery, has made it a condition that the responsibility for his collection must rest with an individual minister—the Minister for Education. Mr. Sheepshanks considers that a crowded thoroughfare is not a suitable site for quietly studying works of art, and has stipulated that his collection must be kept in the neighbourhood of its present locality, at Kensington. He is willing that the pictures, &c., should be lent to those provincial towns which provide suitable places to exhibit them. Upon these conditions, which we believe Lord Palmerston has cordially accepted on behalf of the Government, Mr. Sheepshanks has signified his readiness to hand over immediately the whole of his very fine collection, which is especially rich in the best works of Mulready, Landseer, and Leslie, and contains fine examples of the principal modern British painters in oil. The value of the collection may be estimated at about 60,000*l.*

## MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

### MR. HULLAH'S PERFORMANCES.

WE have received a communication complaining of a matter of detail connected with Mr. Hullah's performances of sacred music at St. Martin's Hall; and, from the excellent intentions displayed by that gentleman, we feel certain that the evil complained of need only be pointed out to be immediately remedied. Mr. Hullah has done what perhaps was never done in the world before; he has succeeded in bringing the *chefs d'œuvre* of music within the reach of the humblest person. Such works as Handel's "Israel in Egypt," the "Messiah," the Mass of Mozart, and some of Beethoven's best productions, have been exceedingly well performed; and the charge for admission (to general public) has only been one shilling. This is very well, very laudable, and Mr. Hullah deserves the highest credit for his work; but the evil complained of is, that no sufficient assistance is rendered to the audience in the way of providing a sufficient programme of the music and the names of the performers. The only thing of the kind provided is a very small handbook, eight pages long, and containing only the words of the oratorios, &c., for which 6*d.* (precisely half the charge of admission) is demanded. This contains not so much as the names of the performers, and nothing about the partition of the music. When we remember that the concerts are given for the benefit of those who can only afford to pay one shilling for the whole entertainment, the absurdity of asking sixpence for a very indifferent programme must be obvious. On the other hand, the Sacred Harmonic Society (whose performances are intended for much richer auditors) provide a programme containing the names of the performers, &c., which is given gratis with the ticket; besides which (as in the case of "The Messiah") they sell for sixpence a handbook of thirty-two pages quarto, containing a full analysis of the oratorio by Macfarren, and very copious notes upon the music. It is not suggested that Mr. Hullah should do as much as this for the same price; but it is hinted that it would be much more in keeping with the general plan of his entertainments if a simple programme were given, and a handbook to be sold for one penny or twopenny at the most.

## LITERARY NEWS.

IN the Imperial Library at Paris an interesting work on "Electricity as a Universal Agent" has been found. It was written by Count Tressau, and, being printed so far back as 1783, is said to have forestalled the recent important discoveries in this department of science.—The second volume of the works of Gioberti, entitled "The Philosophy of Revelation," has just been published by the Botta of Turin.

Mr. Disraeli (writes the Paris correspondent of the *Independence Belge*) shows himself very frequently in our political saloons, especially in that of the Princess de Lieven. He has also paid several visits to M. Guizot.—Her Majesty, on the recommendation of Lord Palmerston, has conferred a pension upon Mr. P. J. Bailey, of Nottingham, of 100*l.* per annum, in consideration of his great talents as a poet.—A public reception of Dr. Livingston will take place to-mor-

row, at the Freemasons' Tavern. He arrived at Marseilles from Tunis on the 6th inst., and was then in good health. His left arm is, however, broken and partly useless, it having been torn by a lion.—On Monday evening Mr. Thackeray delivered his lecture on George III., in the Mechanics' Institute, Bradford. On Tuesday the lecture on George IV. was to have been delivered at the same place. During the afternoon, however, Mr. Thackeray was suddenly attacked with illness, and the delivery of the lecture was consequently postponed.—Dr. Cox, sub-librarian at the Bodleian, is about to start for the Levant in search of MSS. Mr. Curzon, we understand, has given valuable information to the Government as to the existence of Greek scrolls in various monasteries of the East; and the University has given Dr. Cox leave of absence for twelve months at the request of Government.—Judge Haliburton, author of "Sam Slick," has engaged to deliver an address on the 16th inst. to the members of the Manchester Athenæum.—A Paris correspondent of the *Independence Belge* says that the partners of M. Millard in the proprietorship of M. Emile de Girardin's journal, the purchase of which has lately been effected, are Mr. Masterman and Mr. Manby (of London), Messrs. de Kervéguen, Lavalette, Avigdor, Martoret, Becheton, and Polonai (of Nice).—The town of Ayen, France, has presented Jasmin, barber-poet, with a gold vase ornamented with fruits in silver, and bearing the inscription, "Ayen to Jasmin." This town is the bard's native place.—Dr. Pauli, author of "The Life of Alfred the Great," has received an appointment as professor at Munich.

The success which attended the exploring voyage of the *Pleid* up the Niger, under the command of Dr. Baikie, is to be followed up, as proposed by that officer, Government having resolved to send out another Expedition.—The sale of the library of the late Mr. Yarrell, the eminent naturalist, realised a large sum of money. Amongst the prices to be noticed are Macgillivray's *Natural History of Deeside*, a moderately thick 8vo. volume, privately printed by desire of Prince Albert, and containing amongst its illustrations two views in the neighbourhood of Balmoral, from drawings by her Majesty, 7l.; Gould's *Birds of Europe*, 91l., and his *Birds of Australia*, 79l.; Jackson's *Treatise on Wood-Engraving*, 4l. 5s.; Audubon's *Birds of America*, 36l.; Owen's *Odonotography*, 9l. 18s.; Block's *Ichthyologie*, 12 vols., 20l. 10s.; Bewick's *British Birds*, first edition, 5l. 15s.; Gray's *Genera of Birds*, 16l. 5s.; Reeve's *Conchologia Systematica*, 7l. 5s.; Walton and Cotton's *Complete Angler*, with many additional plates inserted, 9l.; Harvey's *British Sea-Weeds*, 5l. 5s.; Hewitson's *British Oology*, coloured, 5l.; Forbes and Hauley's *British Mollusca* and their Shells, 12l.

Professor Hanns has read a very learned paper to the Imperial and Royal Academy of Vienna, and which will appear in their forthcoming number of *Transactions*, on "Slavonic Runes," principally with reference to the characters of that alphabet on the large collection of Rethra Idols; these are already fully discussed in Dr. Bell's "Shakspeare's Puck and his Volks," in which it is his object to prove that a bronze dancing figure of these idols is a true Puck, by which name a sprite, much like our great poet's wonderful creation, is still designated by the Mecklenburg peasantry.

### DRAMA, PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, &c.

**LYCEUM.**—*The Cagot*; or, *Heart for Heart*; a drama in five acts. By Mr. Falconer.

**HAYMARKET.**—*Money*; a comedy. By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton.

**ADELPHI.**—*Janet Pride*.

As the note of preparation for the Christmas pieces is now to be heard in every theatre, it need scarcely be wondered at that the list of novelties for the past fortnight is but small. It contains, in fact, but one name, *The Cagot*; or, *Heart for Heart*. What is the Cagot? who were the Cagots? were questions asked of us previous to the production of this piece. The answer is simple—the Cagots were a proscribed race living in the Val d'Audorre about the middle of the fifteenth century, and were descended from a remnant of the Saracenic army defeated by Charles Martel. Like the Gipsies, they were objects of superstitious horror to civilised persons, and were avoided accordingly. The hero of the story, Raoul, is apparently a Cagot, and, having saved the life of the Lady Eugenie, is beloved by her. The denouement of the plot shows that Raoul is not a Cagot, but a scion of the noble house of De Foix, who had been kidnapped in his youth and adopted by a Cagot mother. The details of this very simple plot are worked out with considerable dramatic skill, and both Mr. Dillon and Miss Weston gain great praise for their impersonations of Raoul and Astarte, the Cagot mother. Miss Woolgar also gives great satisfaction as the Lady Eugenie. Altogether it is a good and attractive piece, and will carry the new management at the Lyceum successfully up to Christmas.

At the Haymarket, Sir E. B. Lytton's comedy of *Money* has been revived for the special behoof of Mr. Murdoch, whose impersonation of the sentimental Evelyn is well spoken of.

Mr. Benjamin Webster, after a somewhat lengthened absence in the provinces, has reappeared upon his own stage in the powerful and popular domestic drama *Janet Pride*.

JACQUES.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION has, during the past week, been much crowded. One of the latest and most interesting objects is the gallant General Williams, the hero of Kars.

### OBITUARY.

BRECHET, Rear-Admiral Frederick William, F.R.S., President of the Royal Geographical Society, &c., on Saturday, the 29th ult., at his residence, Westbourne-crescent, Hyde-park.

HERBERT, Mr. J. H., son of the Academician, and painter of a prominent picture in this year's exhibition at the Royal Academy—"Philip IV. of Spain Knighting Velasquez." Mr. Herbert died in France of typhus fever, in his twenty-second year.

HAMMER-FERGUSAL, Baron Joseph von, the celebrated Orientalist, poet, and historian, after a protracted and painful illness, at Vienna, in the eighty-third year of his age, leaving some valuable literary works, among which are his Memoirs, to his friend Baron von Amer. Baron Hammer's first essays on Oriental literature appeared in the *Deutsche Mercur*, under Wieland's auspices, and were warmly welcomed by Herder in the *Adreastea*.

MATHEW, Father (the Rev. Theobald Mathew), the venerable apostle of temperance, on Monday, at his lodgings, Queenstown. For some years his health has been so enfeebled that his death might have been daily expected. His visit to Madeira proving of benefit to him, no serious symptoms had given special cause of apprehension to his friends until immediately before the final struggle. He was in the sixty-seventh year of his age.

MUSKETT, Mr. C., bookseller, of Norwich. The *Norwich Mercury* describes him as a man "of ripe knowledge in mediæval literature; collecting old books, not alone to disperse them among the libraries of the noble and the rich, but for their own sake." He was also a lover of the arts, and a collector of fine drawings, and had made large collections illustrative of the antiquities of Norwich. Most of the books lately published on local antiquities connected with that city issued from Mr. Muscott's press.

### BOOKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

Adams's Drawing-room Charades for Acting, fcp. 2s. 6d. cl.  
Adventures of Mr. Venant Green, by C. Bode, cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.  
Alnsworth's Spondylitis, 8vo. 3s. cl.  
Anderson's Ladies of the Reformation, 2nd series, sq. 12s. 6d. cl.  
Anniversary (The), a Christmas story, by J. G. F. 1s. 6d. cl.  
Arnold's Letters from Heaven for Life on Earth, cr. 8vo. 6s. 6d. cl.  
Art-Journal (The), 1856, royal 4to. 31s. 6d. cl.  
Ashburn, a Tale, by Anna, fcp. 8vo. 3s. cl.  
Bacquerel's and Rodier's Pathological Chemistry, by Spier, 12s.  
Barry's Notes on the Gospel, 18mo. 2s. cl.  
Barry's Education as it is, ought to be, and might be, 3s. 6d. cl.  
Berger's Round the Fire, 18mo. 3s. cl.  
Bohn's British Classics: De Foe's Novels, Vol. VI. 3s. 6d. cl.  
Bohn's Standard Library: The History of the Jews, 11s. 3s. 6d. cl.  
Book and its Mission (The), Vol. I. 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.  
Browne's Granny's Wonderful Chair, illust. 18mo. 3s. 6d. cl.  
Buckley's Churches of Essex, described and illustrated, 8vo. 21s.  
Bunghley's Sir Edwin Gilders, a Ballad, fcp. 3s. 6d. cl.  
Burke's Dictionary of Landed Gentry, Part II. royal 8vo. 10s. 6d.  
Burke's Poetage and Baronetage for 1857, royal 8vo. 25s. cl.  
Cambridge Essays, 1856, 8vo. 7s. 6d. s.wd.  
Clark's Watch-Tower Book, post 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.  
Clover Cottage; or, I can't get lost, fcp. 8vo. 3s. cl.  
Cole's Lessons on Trees in Water Colours, Part I., 4to. 3s. s.wd.  
Congregational Pulpit, Vol. II. cr. 8vo. 4s. cl.  
Cornwall's Dramatic Scenes, and other Poems, illust. cr. 8vo. 18s.  
Cribb's Elements of German and English Conversation, 3s. 6d.  
Cruik's English of Shakspeare, illustrated, fcp. 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.  
Crownhill's Gravel and Sandrinks, 4to. 2s. 6d. cl.  
Curling's Edith Frankheart, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. cl.  
Cyclopaedia of Popular Songs, 18mo. 3s. 6d. cl.  
Dack Dede; by Author of The Gael Chaplain, fcp. 8vo. 1s. 6d. bds.  
De Moe's Narrative of his Imprisonment, 12mo. 2s. cl.  
Dialogues on Divine Providence, fcp. 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.  
Douglas's Passing Thoughts, 8vo. 6s. 6d. cl.  
Dwelling's Poets and Statesmen, their Homes and Haunts, 14s.  
Dwyer's Matter, its Forms and Governing Laws, fcp. 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.  
Early Dawn, by a Country Clergyman, super-royal 16mo. 2s. 6d. cl.  
Ellis's Mother's Mistake, illust. cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl. gilt.  
Excelsior, Vol. VI. cr. 8vo. 4s. cl.  
Family Friend, Volume for 1856, 2s. 6d. cl.  
Florence Templar, post 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.  
Funny Books for Boys and Girls, 4to. 6s. cl.  
Gentleheart's Haunted House, fcp. 8vo. 1s. bds.  
Gladstone's Letters, by his Son, fcp. 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.  
Gladstone's School Series: Domestic Economy, 18mo. 1s. s.wd.  
Goals and Nails, edited by J. M. Handall, fcp. 8vo. 1s. 6d. cl.  
Goodwin's Bulwer Lectures for 1856, 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.  
Grant's Law relating to Bankers and Banking, post 8vo. 18s. cl.  
Green's Developed Criticism on the New Testament, 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.  
Guth's Literary and Scientific Register and Almanack, 1857, 3s. 6d.  
Harris's Lota and other Poems, fcp. 8vo. 4s. cl.  
Henrietta Maria's (Queen) Letters, by M. A. E. Green, 10s. 6d. cl.  
Hinton, On God's Government of Man, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.  
Hodgson's Frostatic Glaciers, royal 8vo. 5s. cl.  
Home and Col. See's Manual for Infant Schools and Nurseries, 2s. 6d.  
Hook's Pen and Pencil Pictures, post 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.  
Hook's All in the Wrong; or, Births, Deaths and Marriages, 2s.  
Horion's Gethsemane, and other Poems, cr. 8vo. 5s. cl.  
Hubback's Agnes Milbourne, 2 vols. fcp. 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.  
Huntington's Sermons for the Holy Seasons of the Church, 6s. cl.  
Humphrey's Ocean Gardens, illust. sq. 6s. cl. gilt.  
Jeddeson's Isabel, the Young Wife and the Old Love, 31s. 6d. cl.  
Job, the Book of, illust. by Gilbert, royal 8vo. 18s. cl. gilt.  
Johnson's Domestic Management of Children, fcp. 8vo. 6s. cl.  
Jones's (W.) Memorabilia, by his Son, fcp. 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.  
Kavanagh's Myths traced through Languages, 2 vols. 21s. cl.  
Kingston's Salt Water, fcp. 8vo. 3s. cl.  
Lardner's Museum, Vol. XII. 1s. 6d. bds.; and 6th double vol. 3s. 6d.  
Law's "Christ in All," Leviticus, 12mo. 3s. cl.  
Leaning on her Beloved, a Memorial of M. E. C. fcp. 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.  
Light from the East, Tracts compiled by G. Meason, 12mo. 3s. 6d.  
Lille's Long Long Ago! fcp. 4s. 6d. cl.  
Mackay's Under Green Leaves, fcp. 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.  
Magazine for the Young, Vol. for 1856, 18mo. 2s. 6d. half-bd.  
Malcolm's (Sir G.) Life and Correspondence, by Kaye, 2 vols. 36s.  
Mark Noble; or, the Broken Tealace, 12mo. 1s. cl.  
Memoirs of Bethany, by Author of "Morn and Night Watches," fcp. 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.  
Miller's Life and Adventures of a Dog, 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.  
Ministering Children, illustrated, cr. 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.  
Moncrieff's England and Russia Natural Atlas, fcp. 8vo. 4s. 6d. cl.  
Monthly Packet Evening Readings, Vol. XII. fcp. 3s. 6d. cl.  
Mr. Verdant Green's Adventures, Part III. cr. 8vo. 1s. s.wd.  
Neville's Life and Exploits of Robin Hood, fcp. 8vo. 1s. bds.  
Northcott's Fables, illustrated, cr. 8vo. 1s. cl.  
Notices to Correspondents, 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.  
Old Monastery, by the Author of "Clara," 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s. bds.

Orr's Circle of Sciences, Vol. IX.: Mechanical Philosophy, 5s. 6d. cl.  
Ors School, by Oliver Oldfellow, cr. 8vo. 1s. s.wd.  
Oxford and Cambridge Magazines, 1856, royal 13s. cl.  
Parlour Library: Thomson's Widows and Widowers, 1s. 6d. bds.  
Parlour Pastime for the Young, imp. 16mo. 3s. 6d. cl.  
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Poetry from Life, by C. M. K. fcp. 8vo. 5s. cl.  
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Pretty Pleading Picture Book, New Series, folio, 3s. 6d. bds.  
Railway Library: Hood's Tynley Hall, fcp. 8vo. 1s. 6d. cl.  
Rassau's Menstruation of Lines, Areas, &c., 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.  
Rise and Progress of Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand, 15s.  
Rosa Grey; or, the Officer's Daughter, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. cl.  
Royal Calendar and Court and City Register, 1857, 12mo. 3s. bds.  
S. Amelin's Meditations and Prayers to the Holy Trinity, 3s. cl.  
Sidney Grey, by Author of "Mia and Charlie," fcp. 8vo. 6s. cl.  
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Westrop's Summer Experiences of Rome, &c., in 1854, 7s. 6d. cl.  
Willie's Paul Fane; or, Paris at a life-size untold, 7s. 6d. cl.  
Wilson's Boy's Book of his own Country, fcp. 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.

**WOOD CARVING.**—Mr. Perry, the wood carver, of Duke-street, whose chaste delineation of "Evening" we some time since stated had received the approval and patronage of the Queen, has just produced another and equally pleasing specimen of his skill, in "Morning." It represents a lark perched on a cowslip plant, and in the act of departing for its upward flight. The bird is full of expression and suggestiveness, and the flower and leaves of the cowslip are most faithfully rendered. To a poetical imagination, a thorough devotion to and love of his art, Mr. Perry adds an intimate knowledge of nature. Combined, these enable him to produce out of the apparently unmeaning wood a meaning and a beauty which are charming to the eye.

**DR. DE JONGH.**—His Majesty the King of the Belgians has been graciously pleased to confer the dignity of a Knight of the Order of Leopold upon this gentleman, whose name is so favourably associated with his useful researches into the nature and properties of cod liver oil. It may be recollected that the same sovereign, and also his Majesty the King of the Netherlands, some time since awarded to Dr. De Jongh medals of merit, in approval of the services rendered by his scientific and practical investigations. —*Medical Times and Gazette.*

**A SAFE INVESTMENT.**—How often do we read of the extraordinary prices that wines realise at private sales, more especially in this country. Now, knowing as we do, that if the disease in the grape should continue for a year or two longer in the northern provinces of Portugal, the good old Port Wines will become a thing once known but passed away. How requisite it is, therefore, that the lover of Port Wine should prepare for the approaching dearth, and at once lay in a stock. A good selection cannot fail of proving a capital investment. There are several large holders of stocks of Port Wines in London; but wine importers, like other merchants, must sell at the market prices. Those who wish for a pure and pre-eminently choice flavoured Alto-Douro Wine, quite an exceptional article in these times, we would strongly recommend to try the Stock of the Continental Wine Company, Birch-lane, Cornhill, and we are much mistaken if they do not thank us for our advice, which is given after having tested the article ourselves.—*Vide United Service Gazette*, Dec. 6th, 1856.

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**OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.**  
From the *Morning Post*, Oct. 31, 1855.—"Exhibits exquisite artistic feeling in ornamentation, and perfection of mechanism in structure." From the *Morning Chronicle*, Oct. 30, 1855.—"A fine example of design and perfection in workmanship." From the *Morning Advertiser*, Nov. 1.—"The high repute which Mr. Benson has obtained for the qualities of his manufacture stands second to none." From the *Morning Herald*, Nov. 3.—"The high standing of Mr. Benson as a London manufacturer must secure for him a large amount of public patronage." From the *Globe*, Nov. 3.—"All that can be desired, in finish, taste, and design."

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91s. 15s., 92s. 15s., 93s. 15s., 94s. 15s., 95s. 15s., 96s. 15s., 97s. 15s., 98s. 15s., 99s. 15s., 100s. 15s., 101s. 15s., 102s. 15s., 103s. 15s., 104s. 15s., 105s. 15s., 106s. 15s., 107s. 15s., 108s. 15s., 109s. 15s., 110s. 15s., 111s. 15s., 112s. 15s., 113s. 15s., 114s. 15s., 115s. 15s., 116s. 15s., 117s. 15s., 118s. 15s., 119s. 15s., 120s. 15s., 121s. 15s., 122s. 15s., 123s. 15s., 124s. 15s., 125s. 15s., 126s. 15s., 127s. 15s., 128s. 15s., 129s. 15s., 130s. 15s., 131s. 15s., 132s. 15s., 133s. 15s., 134s. 15s., 135s. 15s., 136s. 15s., 137s. 15s., 138s. 15s., 139s. 15s., 140s. 15s., 141s. 15s., 142s. 15s., 143s. 15s., 144s. 15s., 145s. 15s., 146s. 15s., 147s. 15s., 148s. 15s., 149s. 15s., 150s. 15s., 151s. 15s., 152s. 15s., 153s. 15s., 154s. 15s., 155s. 15s., 156s. 15s., 157s. 15s., 158s. 15s., 159s. 15s., 160s. 15s., 161s. 15s., 162s. 15s., 163s. 15s., 164s. 15s., 165s. 15s., 166s. 15s., 167s. 15s., 168s. 15s., 169s. 15s., 170s. 15s., 171s. 15s., 172s. 15s., 173s. 15s., 174s. 15s., 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# A SUMMARY OF THE PROGRESS OF LITERATURE, ART, MUSIC, AND THE DRAMA, IN 1856.

## SUMMARY OF LITERATURE.

THAT profound German observer who set it down in his note-book that the Commons of England are large-headed men, could have little need to marvel at the fact, if he only knew how much the persons whom those Commons represent are expected to put into theirs. "O that I could but live long enough to understand all this wisdom!" was the ejaculation of an ancient philosopher on being conducted into the sacred precincts of the Alexandrian Library, which contained the collected literature of many centuries. What would have been his exclamation if he were to be conducted into the library of the British Museum, with its fifteen miles of closely-packed volumes? What would he say if he were to be shown the enormous mass of strange and curious which each revolving year brings before our review.

Our list of "new books," published during the year 1856 contains the names of—how many think ye? Some two or three hundreds perhaps, you hazard, guessing boldly. By no means; it contains the names of *two thousand three hundred and thirty odd distinct works*. And this total cannot be said to comprehend all the volumes which are printed in these islands for the instruction of the human mind. It is true that this list includes many reprints, odds and ends, *disjecta membra* of literature, shreds and patches scarcely to be termed books, mere booklings, rags from poetical coats, and shreds torn from the tragic garb of literature—not seldom, too, little rosy fragments of scented paper that have been scattered by the hand of beauty, like the fragments of a letter torn in anger; pamphlets, too, of mercantile aspect, white and plethoric—of parliamentary guise, blue and uninteresting—of scientific air, yellow and heavy. Serials, too, it contains, and magazines and such like; but even when all this matter has been passed through our critical screen, and the small coal has fallen on the one side, and the "nobbly bits" on the other, the latter would make up no mean array before the eyes of that man who should determine to spend a rainy day in familiarising himself with the literature of the Year of Grace 1856. If anybody supposes that this description is fanciful, let him imagine himself, just for one moment, seated in his arm-chair with all the literature of 1856 spread before him like blushing beauties for choice. Let him picture to himself, if he can, the sore perplexity in which he would find himself. Volumes of all sorts and sizes, various in form, in colour, in subject, and in style, lie before him, and he may choose where he will. Shall he dip in the fashionable novel or luxuriate in the gossiping miscellany? Does grave science woo him, or cold history, or warm and blushing poesy? What shall guide his choice? *He has two thousand three hundred and odd books to choose among!*

What a whirligig, go-ahead age it is we live in! Half a century ago books came by hundreds where now they spring up mushroom-like by thousands. Men read and inwardly digested their intellectual pabulum in those days. When a man read a book, he read it, and skimmed it not; it was an event to him, and to his dying day he never forgot the contents of that book. There was no buying you a book to read in the train while the steam-horse whisked you from London

to Edinburgh. When the few circulating libraries which were scattered through the country ordered a new book, the secretary considerably allowed a fortnight for the perusal of a volume for which now the same official would scarcely allow a couple of days. Steam-engines have accelerated the rate at which everything proceeds. By steam you can go to America in a week; by steam the *Times* prints fifteen thousand copies in an hour. With railways came railway-stations, and with railway-stations bookstalls; and the bookstalls begat publishers, the like of which was never heard of before—publishers who take the wind out of the sails of the solemn old jog-trot houses, reposing on the traditions of Scott, Byron, and the like—publishers who carry on their business in a large-handed, expeditious, liberal manner, printing their books by the tens of thousands, seeking the shillings of the millions rather than the guineas of the few, and reckoning with their authors at something under a year and a half after publication, which is the old plan of doing business. These are the publishers for this capital railroad age.

But our subject is running away with us—or, rather, it is running away from us—and it is high time that we addressed ourselves to the matter in hand; which is to give some clear and intelligible account of the literary results of the year 1856.

## THE LITERATURE OF 1856.

In order to give our *compte rendu* something like an appearance of order, we must carry out, in some degree, the principle of subdivision usually adopted in *THE CRITIC*, by dividing the books of which we are about to make special mention into distinct classes, according to their subjects—History, Biography, Science, Travels, Fiction, Poetry, and so on.

And first and foremost, both by right of importance and of probable durability, come the contributions to our historical collections. Most true it is that, in spite of all the rumours in that regard that the fifth volume of Macaulay was in the press, no page from him has appeared this year; but there is a goodly list to show, for all that. We have the twelfth volume of Grote's "History of Greece" (Murray); and the fourth and fifth volumes of Merivale's "History of the Romans" (Longmans). Then come Mr. Motley's valuable history of "The Rise of the Dutch Republic" (Chapman); Mr. Cayley's "European Revolutions of 1848" (Smith, Elder, and Co.); the "Memoirs of the Court of England during the Regency," by his Grace the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, K.G. (Hurst and Blackett); Mr. Froude's "History of England" (Parker and Son); and Mr. Chapman's "History of Gustavus Adolphus" (Longmans). Mr. George Thornbury's "Shakspeare's England," must be decidedly ranked as historical in its character. "The Eighteenth Century," by Alexander Andrews (Chapman and Hall), is a useful and agreeable work; though rather suggestive than positive in its character; and of a very similar description is "The Social History of the People of the Southern Counties," by G. Roberts (Longmans). Some collections of great value to

the future writers of history have also appeared—such as Mrs. Everett Green's collection of the "Letters of Queen Henrietta Maria" (Bentley); and Mr. Bruce's collection of "Letters of King Charles the First to Queen Henrietta Maria" (printed for the Camden Society). As valuable contributions to Church and Biblical history, we may note the three volumes of Dr. Milman's "History of Latin Christianity" (Murray); the "Later Biblical Researches in Palestine," by Messrs. E. Robinson, Eli Smith, and others (Murray); and the "Hours with the Mystics," by Mr. Vaughan (Parker and Son). Upon these works few remarks are called for. The histories of Grote and Merivale have already achieved an European reputation. The "Memoirs of the Regency," by the Duke of Buckingham, will be a valuable work to future historians, being founded upon documents private in their nature, and which, but for the present condition of the family, would probably have never been published. Mr. Froude, having already attracted a great deal of curiosity by the singularity of his theological views, has necessarily excited the apprehension of alarmists about the correctness and orthodoxy of his views. The fact, however, is that his work is popular, and that it is read with interest, as the production of a vigorous, if a mistaken man.

The biographical literature of the past year is extensive, rich, and interesting. This, indeed, may be called the age of summaries and biographies. In the list before us we find them of every sort, from the dry and tedious collection of crude facts to the smart and fanciful volume which partakes almost of the nature of the historical novel. That our list may not emulate the former description of book, we shall not weary our readers with the titles at length of those which we have noted as the most worthy of examination, but shall simply give the names of the persons treated of in the books, and those of the publishers in parenthesis: Beaumarchais (Addey); Samuel Rogers (Moxon); Mrs. Fry (Piper); Mrs. Fitzherbert (Bentley); Southey (Longmans); Thomas Raikes (Longmans); Jeanne d'Albret (Hurst and Blackett); Audubon (Longmans); Moore (Longmans); Sir R. Peel (Murray); Montgomery (Longmans); Lord Cockburn (Black); Gainsborough (Longmans); Alfieri (Chapman and Hall); Frederick Perthes (Constable); Cornelius Agrippa (Chapman and Hall); Catherine de Medici (Chapman and Hall); Sir John Malcolm (Smith and Elder); and James Boswell (Bentley). Upon some of these a few observations may be offered. "The Life of Beaumarchais," by Louis de Lomenie, is one of the best written books of the year; full of matter; graphically written; and exceedingly well translated into English by Mr. Edwards. The Hon. C. Langdale's "Memoirs of Mrs. Fitzherbert" is an unsatisfactory book, clearing up nothing, and making the characters both of the lady and her royal paramour still blacker than they were before. Mr. Dyce's gossiping book about Sam Rogers has done a world of mischief; inasmuch as, by perpetuating the ill-natured speeches of the Hermit of Park-lane, it has revived old animosities, and given rise to much contradiction and bickering. "Thomas Raikes's Journal" is a book of books, pleasant and full of matter. Of Lord John Russell's biographical services to

Thomas Moore nothing can be said that has not been already said fifty times over: it is crude, careless, and deplorably weak, and gives full warrant to those who fail to see a royal eagle in the Irish warbler, when they say that if the subject be small the biographer is certainly smaller. The "Life of Perthes" is a work which will be perused with intense interest by all who sympathise with the religious movement in Germany during the last half century. The Boswell Letters have given rise to some controversy which is not yet settled, as to the authenticity of these documents. Our opinion upon this point will hereafter be stated at greater length, and for the present we must content ourselves with stating that, in our belief, these letters contain the strongest possible evidence of authenticity. The late Mr. Bogue published also a useful work of reference: "Men of the Time." This is a sort of *Biographie Universelle* of living men, arranged upon a plan capable of unlimited extension. At present it wears a somewhat inchoate form, and contains many inaccuracies, which a new edition will doubtless remedy.

Englishmen are proverbially a curious and inquiring race, and it is no wonder that the books of travel which they produce in the course of their peregrinations are as numerous as they are. No corner of the globe is sacred from Englishmen,—or Englishwomen, for that matter,—and no one appears to think that he has achieved the journey *en règle* without returning incontinently to write a book. The lady travellers are quite as fond of writing as the men. The very first book on our list, "The Englishman in America" (Murray), is the production of a lady; shortly afterwards came "Letters from the United States, Cuba and Canada," by the Hon. Amelia Murray, ex-Maid-of-Honour to the Queen, a lady who visited the United States for the double purpose of studying politics and natural history. The tone of this book, and the pro-slavery opinions broached in it, created some scandal at the time, and it was even said that her Majesty interfered to expostulate with her ex-Maid-of-Honour upon doctrines so repugnant to the sensibilities of a free people. The Messrs. Longmans are the publishers who furnish us with the greatest amount of literature of this sort, and their books are of the best. Among their productions we note the concluding volume of Burton's "Pilgrimage to El Medinah and Meccah;" "First Footsteps in the East," by the same adventurous writer; "Brazil Viewed through a Naval Glass," by Mr. G. E. Wilberforce; "Narrative of the Niger," by T. J. Hutchinson; and "Where there's a Will there's a Way," by Messrs. Hudson and Kennedy (a modest and valuable little volume, in which the Mont Blanc mystery was thoroughly ventilated and cleared up). To Mr. Murray also the reading public is indebted for some valuable books of travel; notably "Sinai and Palestine," by the Rev. A. P. Stanley; Lady Sheil's "Glimpses of Life and Manners in Persia;" Mr. Hamilton's "Wanderings in North Africa;" Ferrier's "Caravan Wanderings in Persia;" and the "Narrative of an Exploring Voyage up the Niger," prepared by Dr. Baillie under the sanction of the Government. To Messrs. Chapman and Hall we owe Mr. Bayle St. John's "Sub-Alpine Kingdom;" Mr. W. White's "On Foot through the Tyrol;" Mr. Weld's "Vacation in Brittany;" and Mr. Markham's "Cuzco and Lima;"—whilst Messrs. Hurst and Blackett affix their names to the title-page of Mr. C. J. Anderson's valuable work, "Lake Ngami." Mr. Bentley gives us M. Alfred Will's "Wanderings across the High Alps." Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co. published "Scenes and Lights in the East," by James Bruce; "Sight-seeing in Germany," by Sir J. Forbes; "The Red River Settlement," by Alexander Ross; "A Residence in Tasmania," by Captain Butler Stoney. From Messrs. Hall and Co. we have the Rev. F. Fleming's "Southern Africa;" from Mr. Newby "Naples," by Lord B\*\*\*\*\*; and from Mr. Nutt "The Caucasus and its People," by Louis Moser. Messrs. Bradbury and Evans published "Russia at the Time of the Coronation of Alexander II.," by John Murphy, the special correspondent of the *Daily News*. This last is a pleasant little book enough; and, if not very profound in his observations, the author furnishes us with the *beau ideal* of a jolly, right-down, rollicking, self-possessed Irish reporter. As for the other works above-named, they are for the most part excellent, and form a valuable addition to our already large stock of literature of this class.

A class of books now presents itself for notice

which, having been called into existence by circumstances which were happily of a very transitory nature, are plainly destined to an ephemeral existence: we refer to the books on the War. Yet a few months, and these goodly volumes must inevitably pass into oblivion, except when some patient antiquarian of the future may be good enough to interest himself about the proceedings of the present generation, and so dig them up from their forgotten tomb. The name of these books is Legion. Never was a war so illustrated; never has so much graphic and investigative talent been brought to bear upon the grim front of battle; never have details been dragged so rudely to the light which it has hitherto been the policy of soldiers to keep concealed in the shade. So far as plenty of materials goes, the future historian of the Russian War will certainly have an easy task. Here is a list of a few of the more conspicuous books upon this subject which appeared in 1856 from the pens of eye-witnesses: "The Letters of the Times Correspondent," Part II. (Routledge); "Inside Sebastopol" (Chapman and Hall); Dr. Sandwith's "Siege of Kars" (Murray); "Our Tent in the Crimea" (Bentley); "Visit to Sebastopol" (Smith and Elder); "Kars, and our Captivity," by Col. Lake (Bentley); "The Camp and the Cutter," by Edwin Galt (Hodgson); Taylor's "Journal of the War" (Hurst and Blackett); "Eastern Hospitals," by a Lady Volunteer (Hurst and Blackett); Dr. Robinson's "Diary of the Crimean War" (Bentley); General Monteith's "Kars and Erzeroum" (Longmans); Sir E. Colebrook's "Journal of Visits;" Mr. Oliphant's "Transcaucasian Campaign" (Blackwood); Major Porter's "Life in the Trenches" (Longmans); and "Letters from Head-quarters," by an Officer of the Staff (Murray). As examples of such books as may be said to have arisen out of the war, we may name the Rev. T. Milner's "Russia" (Longman); General Manstein's "Russia;" Tengoborski's "Productive Forces of Russia" (Longmans); Haxthausen's "Russia," translated by Robert Farie; Bazancourt's "Crimean War," translated by R. Gould; and the "Last of the Khans," translated by the Hon. W. G. C. Elliot, from the German of J. Mundt (Murray). These books are all readable, and mostly valuable; but, with the exception of some of the last-named, which may survive as works of reference, a speedy oblivion awaits them. They deserve a better fate. A special mission may indeed await them; they may open the eyes of future generations to the wickedness and vanity of war; they may beget a suspicion that there is something worth caring for beyond what is called political expediency; and they may suggest the desirability of perpending the consequences well, before a nation commits itself to the dread alternative of war. Hitherto the details of war have been attainable only at second-hand; hitherto everything has either been shrouded in impenetrable mystery, or has been hidden beneath the cloak of discipline; but the advent of the reporter upon the field of battle seems like the inauguration of a new era—and who knows but that the exposure of so many horrors may not tend to abate the cause itself?

The contributions to the literature of the Fine Arts have been rich and numerous. Mr. Owen Jones's "Grammar of Ornament" (Day and Sons) is one of the most magnificent of this gentleman's valuable and beautiful productions. Mr. Ferguson's "Illustrated Handbook of Architecture" is an excellent and beautiful book. To Mr. Ruskin artists are also indebted for the third and fourth volumes of his "Modern Painters." Lord Stanhope's "Addresses, delivered at Manchester, Leeds, and Birmingham" (Murray), have been perused with interest, and will take a place in the libraries of amateurs. Of illustrated reprints we have had plenty, one of the more noticeable of which is the poem of "Tam o' Shanter," illustrated by the Scotch artist John Faed, and published for the Royal Association for the Promotion of the Fine Arts in Scotland. A beautiful and artistic production is Mr. Gambart's edition of "The Harbours of England," from drawings by Turner, with illustrative text by his worshipper and expounder Mr. Ruskin. The admirable fine-art criticisms of the Rev. J. Eagles, which had already been perused with pleasure and profit by the readers of "Old Ebony," have been collected into a volume, "The Sketcher" (Blackwood), which should be absent from the library of no man of taste. A pleasant and sensible contribution to art literature is Mr. Thornbury's "Art and Nature at Home and Abroad" (Hurst and Blackett). Honourable mention should be made

of another valuable addition to this class—"The Early Flemish Painters," by J. A. Crowe and G. B. Cavalcaselle (Murray).

Books of miscellaneous interest have appeared in plenty, such as Dr. Doran's gossiping book, "Knights and their Days" (Bentley); Dodd's "Food of London" (Longman); Henry Mayhew's great serial work, "The Great World of London;" Capt. Chesterton's "Revelations of Prison Life" (Hurst and Blackett); "Salad for the Social" (Bentley); "Stories by an Archaeologist and his Friends" (Bell and Daldy); and, finally, "Pen and Pencil Pictures," by Thomas Hood (Hurst and Blackett). These are selected for mention out of a crowd too vast to be even separately named. There is a value in this class of books which those who read them carelessly and throw them aside without a thought may perhaps overlook—they are suggestive of further reading. These books, taken up to amuse an idle hour (for they are to the serious and thoughtful reader precisely what the more trashy order of novels are to the frivolous), mingle sound information with entertainment, and frequently supply a hint which leads to new studies and fresh researches. We would not, for instance, give much for the enthusiasm of a man who could read the charming "Stories of an Archaeologist" without desiring to know something more of old coins and palimpsests; and the person must indeed be curst with an incurious mind who could read Mr. Dodd's marvellous facts about "The Food of London" without entertaining an ardent wish to see Billingsgate-market in the early morning. But one of the pleasantest and most useful as well as the most fecund writers in this walk is Dr. Doran. Nothing comes amiss to him. First we have him gossiping about cookery and the fashions; then he flies off to the old knights, clad in their steel attire; and anon he treats us to a quiet chat about "Monarchs Retired from Business." Some of the critics find fault with his facts; and indeed it would be miraculous if he combined such extraordinary versatility with perfect accuracy. But, be that as it may, a pleasanter, a cleverer, aye, and a more instructive companion to boot, than Dr. Doran we never wish for on a rainy day. The delightful volume of "Pen and Pencil Pictures" would at all times, and under any circumstances, have attracted our admiration; but when it bears upon its front the well-known and honoured name of Thomas Hood, it cannot fail of a hearty, friendly reception. Yes, it is the son of that Thomas Hood—the man "who sang the 'Song of the Shirt'"—who makes his *début* in this volume; and when a young man, bearing an honoured name, and having the mark of genius imprinted upon his brow, presents himself at the door with a smile upon his face and a graceful bow, what churl is he that will not bid him welcome? The sons of great men have to struggle against the reputation of their fathers, which weighs them down and too often crushes them into nothingness; but if the son of Thomas Hood does not rise to a very high place in the estimation of the world, then is the promise given by this first fruit of his talent empty and fallacious. But we augur great things of him. As the French say, *il ira loin*.

As one fine poem is about as much as can be expected out of a quarter of a century, we ought not to be greatly surprised that the year 1856 has nothing to boast of in that respect. Of minor minstrels it has had indeed a swarm; but the song of a true *vates* has not been heard in the land. There have been plenty of pretty little volumes, resplendent in gilding, and all the colours of the rainbow, dainty in type, and liberal of margin, enshrining the poetic outpourings of many gentlemen and ladies; and some of these may have been pleasant and rhythmical enough; but to the seeker after true poetry they have seemed as genuine as the volume of "Mes Larmes," indited by Mr. Thackeray's heroine, Miss Amory. Lord Ellesmere's volume, "A Pilgrimage, and other poems" (Murray), attempted to redeem the weakness of its contents by a handsome exterior, but in vain. It has gone to the great purgatory of Nowhere, and will be remembered only by being found occasionally in a Belgravian drawing-room. Much better cannot be said of Professor Aytoun's "Bothwell" (Blackwood). The language of this poem is indeed vigorous, and the verse flows easily; but somehow or other the Professor seems never able to rise again to the level of his magnificent "Death of Montrose." "England in Time of War," by Sydney Dobell (Smith, Elder, and Co.) goes far ahead

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of all the many books of poetry to which the war has given birth. Mr. Dobell is not far from being a great poet; but in poetry it is not only *le premier pas qui coute*; it is the last step, the little gap (be it only so wide as a hair) that makes all the difference. You must be either mortal or immortal; and anything beyond mortality, be it never so little a matter beyond, it is immortality. Mr. Dobell, we believe, is mortal. So also is Gerald Massey, who, however, has given us a clever and vigorous poem in "Craigerook Castle" (Bogue). Incomparably the greatest work of the year is Mrs. Browning's "Aurora Leigh"; yet he must either be very partial or very gallant who would dare to say that this is a pre-eminently excellent poem. It is a novel in verse; nothing more. Well told, full of wise, witty, womanly hints, graceful in design, rich in execution, such is Mrs. Browning's poem; yet to our apprehension no more poetry than Pope's "Essay on Man" is, which (by the way) some do hold to be first-rate poetry.

If we were desired to make up a parcel containing some of the best minor poems of the year, it should certainly include Dr. Mackay's "Lump of Gold" (Routledge); "Under Green Leaves," by the same author; "The Bridal of the Lady Blanche," by Quallon (Bogue); Miss Costello's "Lay of the Stork" (Cash); and Heine's "Book of Songs," translated by Mr. Wallis (Chapman and Hall). There is also a delicious volume, published by Stephen Austen, of Hertford, which is at the same time one of the most interesting and beautiful books of the year; we refer to the "Rouman Anthology," edited by the Hon. H. Stanley. It contains a collection of songs in the Wallachian language, some of which are gracefully translated by Mr. Stanley; and its typography, illustration, paper, and binding, beggar all description. Towards the close of the year a volume of poems appeared from the pen of Barry Cornwall, "Dramatic Scenes, &c." (Chapman and Hall), in which the veteran hints that it is his intention to write no more. Let us hope, however, that he will reconsider this resolve. The one great fault observable in the poetry of the day appears to be its utter want of purpose. Young persons of either sex, suddenly inspired by what they mistake for the divine *affatus*, rush inconsiderately into type, mistaking rhyme for poetry and incomprehensibility for profundity of ideas; and the result is an amount of nonsense which is not only "stale, flat, and unprofitable," but positively pernicious in its effect.

We must confess that on reviewing the fiction of the year it seems to us deplorably bad. Certainly there is something inherently rotten in "the State of Denmark." The time was when England could have held up her head against the world for the fecundity and brilliance of her works of fiction. The great names of Fielding, Smollet, Richardson, and Scott recall proud memories; and even the present generation has much to boast of in its James, its Bulwer, its Dickens, and its Thackeray. But when we go to those shelves of our libraries whereon the novels of this year repose, what do we find? Nothing. There are, indeed, some hundreds of brightly bound, new-looking volumes, ranged in sets of three, and looking for all the world like good old romances of the right sort; but when we open them—pueugh! the manchineel fruit is nothing to it. They are not even filled with ashes, but with dust, light impalpable dust, which disappears as soon as we open a volume—and lo! it is gone. In a word they are, for the most part, utter and unmitigated rubbish. Where their writers pick up their ideas about nature and life we know not; but this we know, that the personages who live and move and have their being in these books are not to be met with anywhere but in these books. They are not flesh and blood; their eyes have no speculation; there is no truth in them. They are made up of crinoline and of bandoline, of stays, padding, and wigs, or what other ridiculous and worthless material you will. Why is this? Presumably because the writers of fiction can do no better. And who are the writers of fiction? For the most part ladies, who think that a ream of paper, a bottle of ink, and a bundle of crow-quills are all that is necessary to write a book with—idle gentlemen, who fancy that, because they walk about a good deal in fashionable society, and keep their eyes open, they understand what they see. We have named the names of four great writers of fiction who are still numbered among living men. What are they about? The

first writes no more; this second writes little, and that in an unaccustomed style; and as for the third and fourth, they have deserted their legitimate vocation for the sake of pelf, and have betaken themselves to periodical shillingsworth-of-literature-mongering. For to call that a fiction which is cut up into twenty-four monthly segments would be as absurd as to call that a picture which had been slashed into twenty-four pieces. In all this year of 1856 there has been but one really excellent novel written by an English pen; of all the gaudy troop that has come before us that alone will survive ten years—the reader will have anticipated us when we name "It is Never Too Late to Mend," by Charles Reade (Bentley). Powerful, terse, graphic, going straight to the heart, and moulded upon themes of vital interest to the reader, this is a great and extraordinary work. Already has the public recognised its transcendent merit in the most significant manner; for we understand that it has already gone through several editions. Mrs. Stowe's "Dred," on the other hand, has been a decided disappointment. There is a man known to history as "Single-speech Hamilton," because, having once made a good speech, he never made another. He was wise; for he knew the extent of his own powers, and when once he had recovered from his surprise at having done an excellent thing upon the earth, he straightway resolved to put his fame no more in peril by tempting fortune again. Mrs. Stowe has not been so wise. Unconsciously she wrote a good book; consciously she has written a bad one. Success has spoiled her. In becoming fashionable she has become common-place, because she has mistaken vanity for inspiration. Let the too partial admirers of Mrs. Stowe disguise it as they will, there can be no successful denial of the fact that "Dred" is, in a literary point of view (whatever it may be in a commercial one)—a failure. Lesser in degree, but all good in their way, we may name "The Shaving of Shagpat," by G. Meredith (Chapman and Hall); "After Dark," by Wilkie Collins (Smith and Elder); Miss Jewsbury's "Sorrows of Gentility"; and "The Hills of the Shatemaec," by Mrs. Wetherall, the authoress of "The Wide, Wild World." Novel-writing seems now to have become so thoroughly an amusement for those who have nothing better to do, and the ranks are apparently filled with such willing but incapable volunteers, that we can scarcely wonder if the noticeable works in this class are "few and far between."

One class of books ought now to be noticed; which, although they belong to no definite subdivision of literature, yet stand alone by themselves: we refer to the works that are written expressly for the ladies—for perusal in the boudoir, at the work-table, in the kitchen (if ladies ever do go there), and in the garden. Some capital little volumes of this sort are noticeable among the year's collection, and from these we select for special commendation "Elegant Arts for Ladies" (Ward and Lock); Mr. Bishop's "Wife's own Book of Cookery" (Ward and Lock); Bechstein's "Cage Birds" (Ward and Lock); and "Elegant Hair-work" (Bosworth and Harrison). The two first we very strenuously recommend to the ladies of England, reminding them that a wife will ever find her *cuisine* among the strongest chains to bind her husband to her side, and that the more she looks to that the happier she is like to be. Another most valuable work of this class is Mr. Walsh's "Manual of Domestic Economy" (Routledge), in the composition of which we have the authority of the title-page for asserting that the author was "assisted in various departments by a committee of ladies." A more compendious, accurate, and useful work than this it would be difficult to imagine. Everything necessary to be known in management of a well-appointed household is here discussed, and the unskilful but willing housewife may confidently resort to Mr. Walsh's pages in any emergency, from the creaking of a door to the seizure of the youngest child with fits. While glancing over the collection before us, we cannot help suggesting that more of such works are wanted. The science of Domestic Happiness is as yet in its infancy; and those writers will deserve well of their species who lead the way towards that golden Millennium when "family jars" shall be unknown, and when the "cold shoulder of mutton" shall be unknown in the land.

Although this is scarcely the place to record the scientific literature of the year, we have noted the titles of a few scientific books which

seem to possess a wider and more popular interest than commonly attaches to works of this class. Such works as the following will give pleasure and profit to many who have but little technical acquaintance with the sciences of which they appear to treat:—Harvey's book on "Trees and their Nature;" E. J. Lowe's "Natural History of Ferns" (Groombridge and Sons); Mr. Carpenter's clever book on "The Microscope and its Revelations;" Sowerby and Johnson's "Fern Allies" and "The Ferns of Great Britain;" Gosse's "Tenby, a Sea-Side Holiday;" Dr. Lindley's "Nature-Printed Ferns" (Bradbury); Mr. Lees's "Pictures of Nature in the Silurian Regions around the Malvern Hills" (Bogue); "The World of Insects," by J. W. Douglas; "On the Variation of Species," by J. V. Wollaston (Van Voorst); "Practical Hints respecting Moths and Butterflies," by R. Shied (Van Voorst); "Natural History of the Animal Kingdom," by W. S. Dallas (Orr and Co.); and a swarm of pleasant and beautiful little volumes about that fashionable hobby of the day, the aquarium—such as the "Aquarium, Fresh and Marine," by Dr. Lankester (Hardwicke); the Rev. G. Tugwell's "Manual of Sea-Anemones" (Van Voorst); and the completion of Mr. Gosse's "Manual of Marine Zoology" (Van Voorst.) More dubious as to their scientific value are such works as Professor (?) Donaldson's "Geological Staircase" (Cornish), and Mr. M'Ausland's "Sermons in Stones" (Bentley); nor can we say much in favour of that mysterious production of Mr. J. Wilson, "The Lost Solar System" (Longmans). But there can be no doubt whatever about the benefit which Messrs. Black are rendering to the scientific world by the publication of their magnificent edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," which is edited and rewritten to a degree which carries it far beyond all the preceding editions. The republication of this valuable work of reference has now reached the twelfth volume. Of a semi-scientific character are the works called forth by the agitation around respecting the adulterations of food, among which we note that pleasant and instructive little volume, "The Tricks of the Trade" (Bogue). Dr. Hassall's valuable work on Adulteration came out late in the year, but quite soon enough to arouse the animosities which that honest *exposé* of commercial dishonesty naturally gave rise to. Dr. Hassall's work, and the labours which led to it, open a new era in our food supplies, of which we, in future years, must reap the benefit.

In glancing over our notes we find mention made of several works of great value, which cannot easily be placed under any of the above classes. Here, therefore, we mention them as they come. First an admirable book by Herbert Spencer (so well known as the author of "Social Statics"), on "The Principles of Psychology" (Longmans). The commercial world have received with great satisfaction an excellent work on "The Practice and Theory of Banking," by H. D. Macleod, Esq. (Longmans); and the same publishers have issued a valuable addition to the library of the constitutional lawyer in Mr. Le Quesne's "Constitutional History of Jersey." Of political works the most important are Mr. Mills's work on "Colonial Centralisation" (Murray). Among valuable selections and reprints we note "Selections from the Writings of Dr. Whately" (Bentley); collected reprints of the works of Thackeray, De Quincy, Professor Wilson, and Carlyle. In the department of magazines and periodical literature, the most notable novelties of the year have been two new magazines, "The Idler" and "The Train." The fortune of these may serve to point a moral for the benefit of future projectors of similar works. The former, founded upon exploded Tory theories, exhibited signs of weakness very soon after its birth, and did not outlive the eighth month of the year; whilst the latter still survives to illustrate the liberal principles and daring "new lights" with which it started. Of some twelve or fourteen adventures which started at the same time, not one now survives.

It is a good and a healthy symptom of the condition of the public taste that buyers never seem to grow weary of the grand old national literature of the land. Not only are there great and prosperous societies for the express purpose of reprinting valuable but almost forgotten productions of a bygone age; but the publishers find it to their commercial advantage to turn an old author, as it were, occasionally to the light. Mr. Bohn, we have no doubt, finds his advantage

in the valuable republications which he has introduced into his Standard Library; nor is he the only publisher who has the wisdom to draw profit from the old stock. Shakspeare seems to be an inexhaustible source of gain to both annotators and publishers; and, when we remember that a copy of Shakspeare is a necessity to every Englishman who can read, second only to the possession of a Bible, we cannot wonder at this. Not a year passes without witnessing the appearance of one or more editions of the immortal bard. Last year there were several. In addition to Mr. Halliwell's costly and magnificent edition, we have "The Stratford Shakspeare," edited by Mr. C. Knight, and the edition of Messrs. Lloyd and Singer. Of Shaksperian literature, too, there has been plenty—notably Mr. Collier's volume of "Lectures upon Shakspeare," delivered by Coleridge many years ago, and recollected from notes taken at the time by Mr. Collier. The publication of these notes created a great hubbub among Shaksperian scholars, some of whom appeared to think that the fact of their supporting most of Mr. Collier's own peculiar hobbies was fatal to their authenticity—thus hinting that Mr. Collier was endeavouring, by a sort of *pia fraud*, to strengthen himself by the sturdy support of such a critic as Coleridge. But it is only fair to Mr. Collier to say that the genuineness of the notes has not yet been satisfactorily disproved. The discovery of a copy of the first quarto of "Hamlet" is another event of Shaksperian importance. This treasure accidentally fell into the hands of a Dublin bookseller, and was permitted by a foolish misunderstanding to escape the British Museum and fall into private hands. It is some proof of the great store set by our great poet in this country that the price for which it was eventually sold was no less than 120*l*. What rendered this discovery doubly valuable was, that the copy contained the last leaf, which has hitherto been missing, and that the last leaf contained a new reading, not previously known to Shaksperians. Another and a still more satisfactory proof of the interest which the name of Shakspeare still inspires, is to be found in the successful efforts which have been made to preserve the house in Stratford which bears the reputation of being his birth-place. For this purpose Mr. John Shakspeare, an eminent orientalist, and who claims to be of the poet's blood, made a munificent donation of 2500*l*.; and this interesting relic is now secured from all the chances over which mortals have any sort of control. There is one more fact about Shakspeare, connected with the literature of the year; but it is scarcely of a satisfactory one. Mr. W. H. Smith (*clarum et venerabile nomen!*) has written a pamphlet to prove that Lord Bacon, and not William Shakspeare, was the author of Shakspeare's Plays. Unless this is intended as a pendant to Whately's celebrated *jeu de logique*, proving the non-existence of Napoleon, we should recommend Mr. Smith's friends to look sharply after him. As another proof of the interest which the name of Shakspeare possesses for the Anglo-Saxon race, we may mention that yet another edition of his works (and that in ten volumes) has been received from America; we refer to that of the Rev. H. N. Hudson (Trübner).

And this brings us to a consideration of the American literature of the year—now by no means an unimportant item in our literary receipts. To ask the question—Who reads an American book? would now be an absurdity; because many American books acquire quite as much popularity in this country as any of native birth. The advances which have been made by the American publishing trade during the last few years are astonishing, whether we consider the number of works published or the style in which they are got up. As an example of this we need only refer to Dr. Kane's recent work on the "Arctic Expedition in Search of Sir John Franklin" (Trübner), which, for typography and illustration, will bear comparison with any work of English manufacture. Concerning this work, we have been informed that the author has cleared upwards of ten thousand pounds in America alone—a sum which very few English authors have been able to realise. To those who wish to form any idea of the astonishing literary fecundity of our Transatlantic cousins, we recommend a perusal of Mr. Trübner's "Catalogue," and of the "Cyclopædia of American Literature," by the Messrs. Duyekink. The best books received from America this year have been Bayard Taylor's "Visit to India, China, and Japan, in the

year 1853" (Low);\* Squiers's "Notes on Central America" (Trübner); Mr. Kingston's "Western Wanderings" (Chapman and Hall); Dr. Kane's book, already mentioned (Trübner); Commander Perry's "Expedition to Japan" (Trübner); Ferris's "Mormons at Home" (Trübner); Ewbank's "Life in Brazil" (Harper); Emerson's "English Traits" (Routledge); and "Thirty Years' View, by a Senator of Thirty Years" (Appleton and Co.). All these are capital books, and some of them excellent. Perry's "Expedition to Japan," is an interesting and modest narrative of successful efforts of the Americans to open up that empire of mystery to the benefits of civilisation. Emerson's little brochure has been received in this country with marked interest, as one of the best criticisms that has ever been penned upon the character of the English nation. This writer has the rare art of finding fault without displeasing, and he has exercised it very freely in this case: yet John Bull (generally so sensitive in all that touches his individuality) has taken the lesson not only quietly but kindly.

One matter only requires settlement in order to render our relations with America perfectly satisfactory, and that is the vexed question of the Copyright Law. Our opinion upon this point has been stated heretofore upon many occasions; and, as we see signs of a desire on the part of the American publishers to do something in the matter, we shall refrain for the present from any further observations further than to express a hope that by this time next year it will be found to stand upon a more satisfactory footing. To give a brief sketch of what we shall consider this to be, we lay it down for a broad principle that the production of no man's brains should be used without paying him for it; and that, under whatever form (colourable or otherwise) an original production may be reproduced in either country, the *droits d'auteur* should be duly paid.

But, however favourable the reception in this country of American books may be, the English reading public is notoriously the most conservative body in the world as respects foreign literature. As a rule, translations are not successful in this country; as a rule, the publishers don't like them, and the public won't buy them. Let us devote a few lines to a brief inquiry into the cause of this. In the first place it is an undoubted fact that the best foreign books are never translated into English at all. The selection of such books as are translated is quite accidental; and the reason of this is that there is not a publisher in the United Kingdom who takes a comprehensive view of foreign literature in order to select the best works for introduction to the English public. The selection of books for translation is left entirely to private individuals, and when any one meets with a book that seems likely to answer he takes it to a publisher, recommends him to publish it, and the arrangement is at once rejected or accepted—in the latter case on the express stipulation that the introducer of the work is to translate it. Here we may find the *ver rongeur* which eats up the general run of translations. The best works are not selected, and the translation of them is not confided to the most competent persons. In fact, nothing is rarer than a good translation of a foreign work. People seem to think that nothing more is required for an efficient translation than a moderate knowledge of the language to be translated from. An intimate knowledge of the style of the original, a fine appreciation of that indefinable and impalpable flavour which characterises every author, a thorough knowledge of the subject, a perfect command over the English language, and the power of translating style into style, so as not only to preserve the form but the spirit of a work—none of these are considered necessary to make a good translator. But the public evidently considers that all these are necessary, for it refuses to patronise the translations which are effected under this pernicious system; and unless some well-known name is attached to the title-page, as giving a sort of sanction to the work, it is impossible to force any work into circulation. An amusing instance of this may be found among the translations of the past year. A translation of Häcklander's "Europäische Sclavenleben" was translated (we believe by a lady), and published by Mr. Bentley, under the title of "Clara; or, Slave Life in Europe." In order to recom-

mend this to the notice of the British public, Sir A. Alison was induced to write a preface—and the book sold immediately. A better translation, without the great historian's preface, would not have sold at all. Just so the translation of Montalembert's "Political Future of England" was really executed by a lady, although it appeared under the sanction of Mr. Croker's name; and when Mr. Bohn published the "Ecclesiastical History of England and Normandy," by Ordericus Vitalis, translated by Mr. Forester, it was necessary to prefix an introduction by M. Guizot.

That a large share of these translations is executed by ladies is, we must be permitted to say, one great cause of their inferior quality. Of course there are some great exceptions to the rule that ladies do not make the best of translators; the labours of Mrs. Austin are too well known to need comment here, and Mrs. Howitt is a translator of no mean ability. But, generally speaking, ladies are too original, and work with too great haste, to make really first-rate translators. Almost all the cheap translations of French novels which crowd the railway book-stalls are executed by ladies, who are (we are given to understand) terribly under-paid for their work. What is the result? Why, that the translations in question are dull, inaccurate, and occasionally very grotesque copies of their originals; lacking spirit, style, elegance, and vigour; causing the reader to wonder how it has come to pass that such works and such authors could ever acquire popularity abroad; in fact, bearing about as strong a resemblance to the work which they are intended to reproduce as a badly-executed plaster cast does to the human face divine.

To remedy all this, we should recommend the publishers to take upon themselves the task of selecting the works most suited for introduction into our literature, and then to find out persons really competent to execute creditable translations. We are convinced that if this were done, if the English reading public could once be made to taste the delicacy of the French style, the languorous warmth of the Italian, or the pregnant gravity of the German, it would patronise translations with much greater liberality than it has hitherto done. That good translations of good works are wanted is sufficiently proved by the fact that many of the students at our Universities find it necessary to learn German, *only in order to become acquainted with the critical literature of Germany*.

The translators of the past year have not been numerous, and very few are of much importance. Those that we have noted are Lamartine's "Memoirs of Celebrated Characters" (Bentley); M. de Lomenie's "Beaumar-chais and his Times" (Addley), the translation of which does great credit to Mr. Sutherland Edwards; De La Rive's "Treatise on Electricity" (Longmans), translated by the author, and Mr. C.V. Walker; Mundt's "Krim Gerai" (Murray), translated by the Hon. W. G. Eliot; "The Memoirs of Admiral de Krusenstern, the First Russian Circumnavigator" (Longmans), translated by Admiral Sir John Ross; Dr. Vebse's "Memoirs of the Court, Aristocracy, and Diplomacy of Austria" (Longmans), translated by Franz Demmler; Guizot's "History of Richard Cromwell" (Bentley), translated by Mr. Scobell; Guizot's "Memoirs of Sir Robert Peel" (Bentley); Frederika Bremer's "Hertha," translated by Mrs. Howitt; Bazancourt's "Crimean Expedition" (Low), translated by Mr. Gould; Haxthausen's "Russia" (Longmans), translated by Robert Fairie; Tengoborski on "The Productive Forces of Russia" (Longmans); and Mr. Reeve's excellent translation of De Tocqueville on "The Revolution of 1789" (Murray). The Americans have sent us an excellent piece of translation in Mr. Leland's version of Heine's "Reisebilder."

Having now exhausted our list of those literary productions of 1856 which appear to us most worthy of notice, we must now proceed to recapitulate as briefly as possible the most important events of the year which have any significance in connection with our topic.

Of late years there has arisen from among certain literary circles a loud outcry respecting the want of proper relief for decayed literary men, and during the past year these complaints have increased rather than abated, both in intensity and volume. The grant of a pension of 25*l*. to Mr. Haydn (of "Dictionary of Dates" celebrity), of 50*l*. to his widow, upon the death of that gentleman, and of 30*l*. to a Mr. MacLagan,

\* In these cases, we give the name of the English publisher, which only is of any use to the English reader.

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known as the author of certain "Ragged-school Rhymes," have given occasion to a great outcry against Lord Palmerston in the manner in which he distributes the munificent sum of 1200*l.* annually voted by Parliament "for the service of learning and genius." It is pointed out that the Premier has devoted during the past year only 325*l.* for the relief of literary men. We must confess that we cannot sympathise with these complaints. In our opinion literature has two aspects; from the one it may be viewed with reference to its high mission, as a grand institution for diffusing the discoveries of the human intelligence over the earth; but from the other it must be seen in its rather more common-place character as a business whereby men are to get their livelihoods—as a trade for the manufacture of articles which have a definite market value. Now nothing can be more clear than that literature, viewed in this aspect, is a prosperous and money-making business. We see millions of pounds embarked annually in the publishing trade, and other trades connected with literature; and as the investments seem to be continually on the increase, we may conclude that the profits are not unsatisfactory. We believe that there is quite as much money embarked in literature (including journalism of course), as in the boasted cotton trade. If a census were taken of the number of persons employed upon the literary departments of the various journals, and in the preparation of the various works issued by the publishers, the result would astonish some persons who assume to be very well acquainted with the subject. And we will say more—we will say that, in our belief, if the average incomes of those persons could be accurately ascertained, it would be found to exceed that of any other kind of professional man, be he clergyman, doctor, or lawyer. Why, then, should Government be reproached with neglecting to provide for literary men? We do not hear of the lawyers complaining that they are unprovided for; and if the underpaid minor clergy do complain of their hard state, they do not take it for granted that it is the bounden duty of Parliament to make provision for their wants. We object, therefore, to this plea *ad misericordiam* on behalf of literary men. We do so because it degrades the craft; because it (more than anything else) prevents literature from taking that place which is its due, at the head of all the professions; and finally because it tends to perpetuate that fallacious impression with respect to literary men, that they are a sort of inspired idiots, sent into the world for its amusement and their own misery, with no sense of responsibility or provision for the future, and with no more definite notions on the subject of arithmetic than were possessed by Mr. Dickens's hero, Harold Skimpole.

To pass on, however, to more agreeable topics, we may note several events in this year which may be fairly claimed as honours paid to literature. These are, the appointment of Mr. John Forster to the Secretaryship of the Lunacy Commissioners; the knighting of Colonel Rawlinson; the election of Mr. Layard to the Lord Rectorship of the University of Aberdeen; and that of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton (in preference to Lord Stanley) to a similar post in the University of Glasgow. All these gentlemen owe their reputation to their literary achievements; and although the two last-named events are not very important, they at least indicate a hearty desire to pay honour where honour is due.

We notice with satisfaction the spread of sounder ideas respecting the efficacy of competitive examinations. It is absurd to suppose that such examinations will secure the best men possible; but it is certain that they exclude the helpless dunces who, under the old rotten system of patronage, were shamelessly thrust into offices of trust. The Society of Arts has taken the lead in the right direction by instituting examinations for candidates from classes of mechanics' institutions; and in the latter part of the year they issued an excellent set of questions, which may be taken for a model in framing papers for such examination. The late Chairman of the Society, Dr. Booth, has also made himself very useful in popularising sound opinions upon this subject.

Prince Albert (whose fondness for the German system of centralisation is constantly bringing him into contact with English love of independence) has failed in two notable attempts to do something grand. He can neither take the National Gallery to Kensington, nor can he assemble all the learned societies beneath the roof

of Burlington House. The fact is, that until the constitution of the Marlborough House business is better understood, and until it is fully explained why it is that we get so little work in return for so much money, out of that famous Department of Science and Art from which so much was expected, people will be loath to lay out much more money in any of the Prince's schemes. Marlborough House and its dependencies cost the country, during the year ending March 1856, no less a sum than 79,364*l.*; and what is there to show for all that money? The British Museum, with all its valuable acquisitions, only cost 62,000*l.* during the same period. Lord Brougham has in vain attempted to get at some explanation of this fact, and has moved for an account of the salaries paid to the different officers, with the names of the persons who hold the offices; but as yet he has only been able to get the sums (which are very large), not the names. Now it is clear that a reorganisation of the National Gallery would throw many comfortable little places within reach of the Prince's influence; and, as his Royal Highness is universally admitted to be very grateful to all his friends, it cannot be wondered at that there should be a clique of persons very anxious to see his scheme carried out. But it will not be, for this year at least.

The retirement of Sir Henry Ellis from the post of Chief Librarian to the British Museum has given opportunity for some beneficial changes in the management of that establishment. Mr. Panizzi succeeds Sir Henry Ellis in the supreme control, and Mr. Winter Jones takes the place of Mr. Panizzi at the head of the library; Mr. Watts (the English Mezzofanti) succeeds Mr. Jones as assistant-librarian, &c.; and a new superintendentship is created for the purpose of putting Professor Owen (the English Cuvier) over the Natural History department. All these arrangements have given universal satisfaction. Two very important additions have been made to the national treasures during the past year—the Art collection of Mr. Roach Smith, purchased by Government for 2000*l.*, and the collection made by Sir William Temple, bequeathed to the nation by his will.

It is some satisfaction to know that Government has determined to reduce that vast and incongruous heap of documents called the State Papers (*rudis indigestaque moles*), to something like order; and that during the year 1856 Mr. Lemon, assisted by Mrs. Everett Green and Mr. J. Bruce, have been busily employed upon the good work. Later on in the year other efficient assistants were added. We may hope, therefore, to hear shortly that these invaluable documents have been reduced to a form more available for inquiries than they have hitherto been.

The annual meeting of the subscribers to the Literary Fund was unhappily made the occasion for another of those scenes which disturb the efficiency and threaten the very existence of that body. A body of reformers, headed by Mr. Dickens, protested against the preponderance of aristocratic over literary influence in the management of the association. But this appears to be the natural consequence of admitting the eleemosynary element into the dealings of literary men with each other. So, at least, appeared to think the great body of the subscribers; for Mr. Dickens's amendments were negatived by a majority. At the Fund dinner, the pro-aristocracy section vindicated their principles in the clearest possible manner, by putting the most good-tempered but the most unliturgical of noblemen into the chair—his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge.

The reconstruction of Alleyne's Charity at Dulwich gave an opportunity for the theatrical artists (under the able generalship of Mr. Benjamin Webster) to put in their plea for a participation in their brother-actor's bounty. A meeting was held at the Adelphi Theatre, under the presidency of Mr. Dickens, for the furtherance of that object; but in spite of all the efforts made, and the common-sense justice of their claim, the Legislature refused to construe the words of Alleyne's will, according to the charitable spirit thereof.

Many other notable events do not remain to be recorded. Mr. Hawthorne's appearance at the Mansion House, in March, was held by English authors to be indicative of an alliance dearer to them than that which weds the British Lion to the tricolor. The return of Dr. Livingstone to this country, from the bowels of that vast and mysterious tract which is represented upon the

map of Africa by the terrible word UNKNOWN, is like a resurrection from the dead. Dr. Livingstone is a worthy soldier of that glorious forlorn hope who deem it a privilege to sacrifice their lives in the great cause of civilisation and science—that band which numbers upon its muster-roll such names as Xavier, Bruce, Audubon, Bellot, and Kane. His reception in this country has been enthusiastic, and it is said that he is preparing for new dangers and new discoveries. Another great explorer, whose reputation for intelligence and daring is second to none, is also attacking the great African mystery from the other side; we refer to Capt. Burton. May God preserve them both!

## SCIENCE IN 1856.

THE object of this summary is to give, in a condensed form, some of the leading features of scientific discovery and application during the past year. The domain of knowledge has been so enlarged of late that it would require more than the ordinary life of man to attain even to an ordinary acquaintance with the subjects it embraces. It is obvious, therefore, that all which can be aimed at is to point out the position of the various branches of science which have been in any way elucidated or explained during this period. If we contemplate the range presented to mental vision by the telescope and the microscope, and extend our thoughts also over the vast region where chemistry sways with mighty rule—to the things seen and to the things not seen, but still brought under intellectual manipulation—when we think, too, of the length of time necessary for research and result, that which may be noted during a revolving year will perhaps appear but trifling as compared with the magnitude of the subject. It is, indeed, only a link in the long chain of induction, which, while it strengthens and confirms the past, will act as a guide for the future.

In order to render this outline as clear as possible, the order has been followed that was adopted by the British Association—the seven sections embracing in a regular series all the various branches of science.

**ASTRONOMY AND PHYSICS.**—During the year the telescope has revealed to us five planets. These now make up the sum to forty-two of the planets revolving between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter, since the first, Ceres, was discovered on the first of January 1801 by Piazzi of Florence. The orbits described by these bodies form a zone equal in breadth to the radius of the earth's orbit; whether these are a group of planets or of fragments only remains yet a subject for investigation. In 1856 the first discovered was by M. Chacornac at the Imperial Observatory, Paris, on the 12th of January; it is of the 9.10th magnitude. The second also by M. Chacornac on the 8th of February. The third by M. Goldschmidt at Paris, on the 31st of March. The name of Harmonia has been given to this, in commemoration of the peace. The fourth also by M. Goldschmidt on the 22nd of May; it resembles a star of the 11.12th magnitude. The fifth was discovered by Mr. N. Pogson on the 28th of May at the Radcliffe Observatory, Oxford. It is rather brighter than a star of the tenth magnitude, and has been named Isis.

Double and variable stars have occupied much attention; and an interesting observation was made of Antares ( $\alpha$  Scorpii), the nearest of the double stars of the first magnitude, at an occultation by the moon on March 26. From this the colour of the smaller companion was ascertained to be of a blue-green, the star Antares itself being of a brilliant deep red; and there are traces of change in the angle and distance since 1849. With regard to another double star,  $\alpha$  Centauri, the distance has little altered for a long time, but the angular motion is increasing. M. Wackerbath, of Uppsala, gives the following hypothesis on variable stars:—Suppose a nebula existing in space such as that from which our solar system is supposed to have arisen, and that the nebula was broken up by a disturbance such as that which affected the nebula of the mass which forms the planetary system and condensed it into separate globes, such masses alternately blazing and cooling, viewed at a stellar distance, must be variable, and the revolution of such a body would present the phenomena of a variable star.

The theory of the gradual approximation of the rings towards Saturn, as advanced by M. Struve, has been investigated by the Rev. Mr. Main, Professors Kaiser and Secchi. Mr. Main, after submitting a series of observations of the rings to a searching investigation, came to the conclusion that there exist no real grounds for the hypothesis that the bright rings are gradually approaching the body of the planet. A similar result was deduced by Professor Kaiser. Professor Secchi's observations would seem to indicate that the rings, besides having a rotatory motion around the planet, are also elliptical.

A new theory has been advanced with reference to the zodiacal light. This luminous pyramid which has been simultaneously observed at both

east and west horizons, some time after sunset as first noticed by Baron Humboldt in the early part of this century, has been, of late, the subject of unceasing observation by the Rev. Mr. Jones, of the United States Navy, who, from all the data in his possession, has come to this conclusion—that the extraordinary spectacle can be explained only by the supposition of a nebulous ring, with the earth for its centre, and lying within the orbit of the moon; “that it is a ring (Mr. Jones states) the unbroken continuity of my observations satisfactorily determines. For more than two years I never failed to see the light, evening and morning, when the moon and clouds did not interfere.”

Professor Thomson has given the term “solar refraction” to characterise an effect deduced theoretically from the dynamical theory of heat, and if proved to exist pregnant with important consequences to every part of astronomy, for it at once infers the necessity of the existence of a medium pervading space of similar constitution to our own atmosphere, and undergoing, by necessity, a condensation in the neighbourhood of the sun. Hence also there cannot but arise a refraction of objects beyond the sun, when this body crosses their line of direction. When Professor Piazzi Smith, tested this “solar refraction” by the observation of stars transiting the meridian near the sun, the results, as far as they could be deduced, showed the existence of this “solar refraction,” and, with it, of a resisting medium filling space and forming a material connexion still, and strengthening the idea of unity between the sun and all the planets. It remains to be seen how far observations made at Teneriffe, where 10,000 feet in depth of the grosser part of the atmosphere would be eliminated, will verify these observations.

The following are the results of some experiments made to determine the mean density of the earth:—Col. James, at Arthur's Seat, Edinburgh, 5:316. From experiments with balls, by Cavendish, as corrected by Baily, 5:448; by Reich, 5:44; by Baily, 5:67. From pendulum experiments at a great depth, and on the surface, Professor Airy obtained 5:67; and, adverting to this excess above that given by the Schehallien experiment, which as corrected by Hutton, gave 99:20 or almost 5:0, Professor Airy remarks, “that it is very difficult to assign the causes or the measures of error, but that the result of his experiment may compete on at least equal terms with the others.”

The principle in the atmosphere to which the name of ozone has been given by Dr. Schonbein has of late occupied much attention; and various tests have been suggested to discover its presence, though, unfortunately, none of these have yet proved sufficiently accurate. As the presence or absence of this principle in the air has been found to correspond with the varying health of localities, it has become important to gain more accurate information as to its properties. The experiments of Marignac, Frey, and Becquerel, have proved the possibility of imparting to chemically pure oxygen all the properties of this mysterious substance. It has been, therefore, supposed by some to be a modified form of oxygen; while others have considered it a compound of hydrogen and oxygen—that is, of water with an addition of oxygen. If the colour tests that have been applied to detect its presence have not been satisfactory, it may at all events be known by its smell, which is very much the same as that which emanates from a Leyden jar: and in this state the subject remains.

The dispute, if it can be so called, as to the axial rotation of the moon, requires a passing notice, if only to show how errors may be maintained in spite of all elucidation. The bright luminary herself has undergone total eclipse, which took place on Monday, October 13th, beginning at 9h. 21.1m., and ending at 12.27.1m.

Dr. C. Hoffman, having occupied himself with the preparation of collodion for photographic purposes, recommends the following process. The best addition is castor oil, to deprive the collodion of the property of contracting so strongly and becoming cracked. We can only allude here incidentally to the rapid discoveries made in photography, an art now called in to aid science in all her departments; the more delicate the tests that may be hereafter discovered, the greater perfection will be gained. As it is, moving clouds and running water may even be snatched and fixed, and the varied effects of light may be clearly developed.

**CHEMISTRY.**—If the progress of any department of science can be referred to as rapid, the term may be especially applied to the chemical—a branch of knowledge but a little while ago in a chaotic state, but now, by the accumulation of material and the perseverance and energy of its cultivators, reduced to order, and made subservient to general laws. Although the year has not been marked by any great chemical discoveries of general interest, the accumulation of facts has increased, which will thus form a sure basis for the still further extension of the science.

**Conversion of Carbonic Oxide into Formic Acid.**—Oxide of carbon presents the same relation towards formic acid as olefiant gas towards alcohol. The two gases only differ from the corresponding compounds by the elements of water. Oxide of carbon may be obtained by treating formic acid with concentrated

sulphuric acid, in the same manner as olefiant gas from alcohol. These resemblances led M. Berthelot to convert oxide of carbon into formic acid, in the same manner as olefiant gas is converted into alcohol, except that, instead of the fixation of the elements of water by means of sulphuric acid, a substance adapted to combine with alcohol, potash was substituted, a substance capable of combining with formic acid.

The following investigations of the gaseous products of the volcanic mountains of Italy were made by M. Ch. Ste. Claire Deville, in common with Leblanc and Sewy:—1. Gas which was collected in May, June, September, and October 1855, at various points of the stream of lava from the eruption of Vesuvius, on May 1, 1855. The analyses of this gas showed that the gas which issues from those fumaroles which have been called dry fumaroles, and which only carries with it anhydrous alkaline chlorides and small quantities of sulphates, is nothing but a stream of air either unaltered or containing less oxygen, thus—20.1 and 20.6 per cent of oxygen were found in it. The same is the case with the gas loaded with vapours of muriate of ammonia, which was expelled from the lower parts of the lava in October.—2. Gas collected in September from the fumaroles on the small plain in the centre of the upper crater of Vesuvius. This gave aqueous vapour of the temperature of 140° to 174° F., mixed with a little vapour of sulphur and sulphuretted hydrogen. In one sample of this gas 3.51, in another 9.26 per cent. of carbonic acid were found. The remainder was only air, from which nearly all oxygen was extracted.—3. Gas collected in September and October, from those fumaroles on the summits of Vesuvius and Etna which throw up a mixture of aqueous vapour, muriatic acid and sulphurous acid, at high temperatures, 194°, 257°, and 356° F. This again is nothing but air partially deprived of oxygen.—4. Gas collected in September 1855, on the upper border of the cone of eruption of Etna (1852). This upper margin in June still possessed an abundance of fumaroles of sulphuretted hydrogen of 182° F. In Sept. they only emitted aqueous vapour of 142° F.: which was perfectly neutral, and the vapour was only accompanied by air. The constitution of these gases which escape from the summits of Vesuvius and Etna is such as we might have expected. Air is always intermixed with the gases; and the emanations of carbonic acid, sulphur, sulphuretted hydrogen, muriatic acid, and sulphurous acid, are products such as the cleft crater must furnish in the same way as a cracked chimney over a fire.—5. Gas collected on the 5th and 22nd of October, in the Lago di Nafita or Lac di Palici in Sicily. The composition of this gas varies with time. In none of the gases could a combustible gas be detected.—With reference to the solid productions of the eruption of 1855: two kinds of lava flowed out in this eruption. The one which made its appearance last is dark, as it were furnished with a glassy coating, and has no action upon the magnet; while the other kind is grey, much more crystalline, and strongly magnetic. Both contain nearly the same amount of iron, so that the iron is not contained in the same form in the lavas. The one contains 1.4, the other 2.2 per cent. of phosphoric acid. Both contain some chlorine, a portion of which is as it were mixed in the form of a soluble chloride, whilst another portion is not washed out with water, but only obtained by the decomposition of the mineral with bisulphate of potash. Phosphoric acid is always present, and so also is chlorine, which constitutes about 3-1000ths of the lava examined. Chlorine is also found in the rocks of Puraci, in an amorphous stratum of the Somma, and in a slag-like stratum of the same mountain. The felspar of the lavas of Vesuvius appears to be amorphous, and is distinguished from that of the Somma by its only containing traces of soda; while in the felspar of the lava of 1855, the oxygen of the soda is in the proportion to that of the potash as 2:09:1. This proportion in the mineral of Fasso-grande is 8:21:1, and in the amorphous perfect crystals which were thrown out of the volcano on the 22nd of June, 1:67:1 according to Damour.

A beautiful and permanent gold varnish, which does not lose its colour by exposure to light and air, may be thus prepared:—2 oz. of best French garancine to be digested in a glass vessel with 6 oz. of alcohol of specific gravity of 0.833 for twelve hours, pressed and filtered; a solution of clear orange-coloured shell-lac in similar alcohol is also prepared, filtered, and evaporated, until the lac has the consistency of a clear syrup. It is then coloured with a tincture of garancine. Objects coated with this have a colour which only differs from that of gold by a slight brownish tinge. The colour may be more closely assimilated by a little tincture of saffron.

Liebig gives a process for silvering glass in the cold, especially with the view to the production of faultless optical mirrors. The silvering fluid is an ammoniacal solution of nitrate of silver, with an addition of caustic potash or soda, which, when mixed with a solution of sugar of milk at ordinary temperatures, deposits the silver on the surface of the glass in the form of a mirror. Glass can be perfectly and permanently gilded only with the assistance of heat. Gilding effected in the cold is of beautiful colour and lustre, but does not adhere, and detaches itself from the glass by washing with water.

According to Pugh, silk, wool, &c., dyed with

picric acid, do not change their colour by immersion in a hot solution of protochloride of tin or iron, although these are both very energetic reductive agents. But if, after washing, they are immersed in an alkaline solution, a red colour is produced in consequence of the formation of nitrobenzamic acid; but this colour dissolves, and the stuff remains almost white. Perhaps by using certain mordants, this would furnish a means of fixing red patterns upon yellow grounds.

M. Pelouze states that olive oil has been almost exclusively employed in dyeing Turkey red, because olives give rise to the reaction which produces the fatty acids more readily than other oleaginous seeds; and that it will be easy to substitute for it cheaper oils, such as poppy oil, oil of sesame, colza oil, palm oil, &c. It will be sufficient to crush the seeds or kernels and leave them for a short time before extracting the oil. A more simple means consists in adding to the oils a few hundredths of their weight of the oleic and margaric acids furnished by the manufacturers of stearine candles. Specimens of cotton dyed Turkey red, by the substitution of artificially acidified oils for those which are naturally acid, showed no perceptible difference between the natural and artificial oils. The treatment of certain oils, especially colza, with a little sulphuric acid, would give rise to mixtures of neutral oils and fatty acids, which, when well washed, would be fit for the manufacture of Turkey red.

M. Pelouze has also found that powdered glass is decomposed by contact with water or air with an ease and rapidity which appear extraordinary, considering the great stability of vessels formed of cast or blown glass. The surface of the glass does not appear to have its properties modified; for plate-glass, the surface of which has been removed by polishing, is equally, if not more, permanent in moist air and water than common glass; and in all cases crude plate-glass presents neither more nor less resistance to atmospheric agents than the others. The difference in the action of water upon glass in these two forms is due only to a different cohesion and mechanical resistance. The multiplicity of surfaces and the facility of movement in the powder hastens its alteration in water.

A new process for arresting the acid vapours which escape from the large chimneys of chemical factories consists in placing, between the principal draught and the great chimney of the manufactory, a kind of lime-furnace, heated by a contiguous fire; into which the draught of the chimney draws on the one hand the vapour of the manufactory, and on the other the flame of the fire intended to heat the limestone with which the furnace is filled, which requires a certain temperature before the absorption of the gases is complete. The arrangement of the furnace may be varied in any way; but the essential condition of the process is the presence of lime or carbonate of lime, at such a temperature that the absorption may take place as completely as possible—the increase of temperature assisting at once in the draught of the chimney and the absorption of the acid gases.

**Improved alloy for type.**—The alloy commonly used in the manufacture of printing types is composed of lead, tin, and antimony. The best metal is, however, imperfect, as it is continually deteriorating while in a molten state by the evaporation of the most important element, antimony, which action is taking place during the whole time of the manufacture. In order to prevent this change of quality, Mr. Besley proposes the addition of nickel, copper, metallic cobalt, and bismuth—the nickel and cobalt being the materials used to give hardness, and the copper being the medium by which these substances are caused to unite with the antimony of the type-metal; while by the introduction of bismuth, which has the well-known property of passing instantly from fusion to fixity, the setting of the alloy is expedited.

In investigating the nature of the mineral from Torbane Hill, near Bathgate, in Scotland (which has already given rise to disputes whether it is true coal or a bituminous substance), M. Geuther has proved, both from its ashes and its products of distillation, that the mineral is not coal, for the true coals furnish much benzole, naphthalene, and phenole. The mineral, on the contrary, gave only a small quantity of phenole and no benzole or naphthalene, but other substances polymeric with common coal gas; it must, therefore, be regarded as a bituminous shale. Microscopic examination showed no traces of vegetable cells.

**On the superphosphate of decomposed bones.**—Starting from the supposition that the acid phosphate of lime in the bones is very soon converted into neutral phosphate in the soil, an opinion has been set up that the superphosphate only acts by its fine state of division. It has been even recommended to precipitate again the acid phosphate of lime rendered soluble by sulphuric acid, by means of lime, and to incorporate this with the soil. If the superphosphate is filtered through marl, or left in contact with it for a long time, a portion of the phosphoric acid is certainly combined, with evolution of carbonic acid, but the salt is not entirely precipitated. Even in this case we present immediately to the plant a phosphate which is soluble in water. The soluble salts of iron have an injurious action upon decomposed bones as a manure: a loss must take place. A solution of



sulphate of iron immediately produces a white precipitate with an aqueous solution of superphosphate; and this perceptibly increases, so that the greater part of the phosphoric acid is soon separated as an insoluble iron salt. Bones decomposed with sulphuric acid are extracted with water at a gentle heat. The yellowish filtrate has a strongly acid reaction. From experiments, it appears that it is not advisable to convert the superphosphate again into tribasic phosphate of lime by the addition of lime. By the action of ammonia upon the acid product, the desired state of fine division is at once produced, whilst another portion of the phosphoric acid can be drawn up by the plants in the form of phosphate of ammonia at the commencement of vegetation. This is also the case when carbonate of lime acts upon the superphosphate.

M. Chevreul has found in the grease of sheep's wool, and in that of the wool of the alpaca, a considerable quantity of oxalate of lime; and this is the more remarkable, as being contrary to the general opinion. The grease of the alpaca is acid; whilst that of the sheep, as has long been known, is decidedly alkaline. The grease also furnishes silicates of potash. Phocenic acid, discovered in the oil of dolphins, and from which valerianic acid does not appear to differ, occurs in the grease, accompanied by an analogous acid, which may be new. In the grease of the sheep there is a considerable quantity of chloride of potassium, which is remarkable for its tendency to crystallise in octohedrons; while the chloride of the human sweat, which is said to have sodium for its base, crystallises in cubes. Among other potash salts, there are two of a very peculiar constitution, which form the greater portion of the saline matter of the grease. There exist at least five fatty matters in the grease, none of which have any analogy with those of mutton fat. Amongst these, one in a crystalline form has been obtained.

**GEOLOGY.**—About two centuries ago the active mind of Leibnitz already comprehended the more general phenomena of geology, anticipating those points since ascertained to be the links which bind in one grand line of connection the once scattered facts of the science. Modern geology owes its foundation to a Buckland, a Sedgwick, and a Murchison, who, from observation of various strata, have been enabled to deduce those general laws which govern the stratification of the earth's crust, embracing, as these do, those important points, the fossil deposits, which form the clue to the earth's formation, and thus laid the groundwork of fossil geology—a branch since confirmed and amplified by succeeding geologists, who have accurately investigated the series of the geological formations and of the animated organisations whose remains are preserved in each. And thus has geology been raised from elaborate surmise to the dignity of an accurate science.

Taking the theory of the stratification of the earth as established, and a wonderful superstructure raised from the trappean and granite rocks, through the Palæozoic, Secondary, and Tertiary systems, the work of geologists now aims at confirming the theories that have been put forth, and extending the benefits of the knowledge that has been thus obtained for the uses and wants of mankind. Thus the science may be divided into the theoretical and the practical. This last has been since denominated Economic geology, and now boasts the support of government.

During the past year many hitherto unknown forms of life have been brought to light, and animals of a species not existing in this climate, but evidently denizens of higher or lower latitudes, have been discovered, clearly pointing to very considerable changes which must have taken place at different and distant periods on the surface of the earth. Whether the igneous or aqueous theory prevails, Geology, at all events, reveals to us the arcana of the past world, and from this evidence shows that the present is but a transition state, which may yet lead to new wonders of formation. New forms of crustacea have been found in the tilestones, or Downton sandstones, near Kingston. A fossil cranium of a musk buffalo has been found, for the first time in this country, low down in the gravel at Maidenhead. This animal, now confined to the restricted range of the Arctic regions, at one time had an existence extending "over lands forming three divisions or continents of the northern hemisphere. And fossil remains of a trilobite have been discovered in those ancient sediments which have been hitherto termed "azoic"—that is, in the Cambrian rocks of the Longmynd, the lowest in the series.

The discovery of the fossil tibia of a large bird, named *gastornis*, from the lower Eocene deposits at Meudon, near Paris, and the comparison made by Professor Owen with the tibiae of known recent and fossil birds, has brought to light the existence of a bird of larger proportions even than the ostrich, indicating a genus, although with affinities closely allied to other orders, yet distinct from all known genera.

The late Mr. Daniel Sharpe propounded a new theory with regard to the Alps—namely, that after the Alps had assumed their present form, the whole region was submerged below the sea, and stood 9000 feet lower than at present; and that it subsequently rose out of the sea by a succession of unequal steps,

traces of which might be seen in the various changes which had taken place—effects which cannot be otherwise explained than by a sea having at one time surrounded the Alps; the period of the last elevation being supposed to belong to the tertiary epoch.

Mons. Ami Boué, a foreign member of the Geological Society, has given the following view of the origin of the English Channel—namely, that it had not been excavated solely by water action, but was caused by one of the lines of disturbance which have fissured this portion of the earth's crust, and that its being filled with loose material would prove, perhaps, a serious obstacle to the submarine tunnel which is proposed to be made.

Mr. Sorby has thrown some light on the microscopical structure of mica schist, affecting chiefly the metamorphic theory. These structures consist in the form and manner of arrangement of the quartz and mica, giving rise to two very distinct varieties—one analogous to simple stratified rock, without slaty cleavage, on which crystalline changes had occurred; and the other, as if the rock had been previously compressed, so as to develop slaty cleavage. These presented such characters as could not be explained but by supposing that the rock was originally analogous to clay slate, and afterwards altered by crystalline processes taking place when water was present, probably accompanied by elevated temperature, and not by igneous action.

With reference to slaty cleavage, the true law appears to be "that the cleavage-dip is parallel to the average dip of the anticlinal and synclinal axis, or those planes which bisect the flexures." The second general law is that, wherever the cleavage is fully developed, the anticlinal and synclinal flexures are also conspicuous, and very sharp. A third relation is their tendency to deviate from the normal direction of the parallelism to the axis planes, in order to conform partially to the direction or dip of the strata. Another law is, that they tend to curve a little from the normal direction in the finer grained argillaceous beds, approximating to parallelism with the surfaces of bedding of the adjoining coarser mechanical deposits, as they approach them, showing in a transverse section a kind of gentle sigmoid flexure. These remarkable facts seem sufficient of themselves to refute the hypothesis somewhat in favour at present of the purely mechanical origin of the cleavage-producing force.

The discovery of the metal aluminium, while it produced a great sensation, was clogged with the difficulty and expenses attending its production. The fact that the metal exists in large quantities in cryolite, and that this substance has been found in masses in Greenland, has obviated the expense of production to a great extent. On the shore of the Fiord of Arksut, in South Greenland, is a mass of cryolite 80 feet thick, 300 feet long, and dipping southward at an angle of 45°, between two planes of the including gneiss, to an unknown depth. Aluminium at the beginning of the year was dearer than gold; at the close of 1856 it was the same price as silver, bulk for bulk; but, as it is lighter by four times than silver, the price is four times that of silver—a great reduction, nevertheless, from the former average, and which will, no doubt, ere long be very much lessened.

The temporary occupation of the Crimea during the war has led to some interesting geological discoveries. Specimens of fossils from the various strata have been sent to this country, and with these, including some formerly sent from St. Petersburg, seventy-four specimens have been added to the published list of fossils from that country. These fossils, with one exception, belong to the invertebrata. The geological formations show the probability that, at one time, the Caspian and Aral, with the Black Sea, formed a vast inland sea, now separated by the gradual filling up of the communication between them. The existence of coal deposits had been rumoured, but these proved to be lignite of ordinary quality.

The effect, however, of geological science has been more felt in its practical department by the discovery of metals in various parts of the world. The gold-fields of California and Australia may have owed their discovery to accident; but geology has since determined where other deposits exist, and hence the opening of the rich stores of this metal in Tasmania and New Zealand, and of copper and iron at the Cape of Good Hope and in India. But not only have the localities of valuable metals been indicated, but their absence also, thus often preventing loss both of time and money by mining experiments in districts where, but for the knowledge thus obtained, such futile attempts would otherwise have been made. And with reference to this science, it may be stated that uncertain speculations which at one time formed the basis upon which theories were expounded, have been superseded by facts which, continually flowing in, add to the wonders that have been brought to light by geology, and thus paved the way for greater extension and more exactness of knowledge.

**ZOOLOGY AND BOTANY.**—In the department of Natural Philosophy less perhaps than in any other can the records of a revolving year be made apparent. The development of the science is dependent more on long and patient investigation. There are no new or startling discoveries to lead captive the

imagination; "but its foundations, though laid on the strictest and safest principles of mechanism, have a superstructure which is a manifestation of the highest and noblest art." One of the difficulties connected with the subject of zoology is that of obtaining a knowledge of the higher organisations; for, in following the tracks in their order from the lowest creatures, there can scarcely be drawn a line between the animal and vegetable kingdoms. Thus the hydra of the polypus tribe if turned inside out will perform all its functions equally well. Some of the molluscan animals are possessed of nervous portions, yet with no brain as a common centre. Scallops have eye-like spots, and receive impressions of light, and yet cannot discern external objects. Cuttle-fish have some approach to a brain, and are enabled to move towards objects. Star-fishes give the first manifestation of a nervous system. And thus, ascending in the scale, we find that many animals have nerves of sense altogether different from man, and of which, therefore, we can have no idea. An instance of this may be found in the migratory impulse. In coming to the higher organisations, none of the organisation of the lower animals are destroyed, but new tissues are added seriatim, until the actions of animals are so striking that the question arises whether or not some of them are endowed with faculties which approach to the reasoning powers of man.

The great study of zoology, therefore, is the functions of animal life, and but few of these are indicated in any specified line, as we have before observed. Some very important information has been obtained by the experiments made at Stomontfield, at Drumlanrig, and on the Dee, near Kirkcubright, on the salmon smolt. It would appear probable that there is a very singular retardation in the development, and that the young of salmon under certain circumstances continue to hold their generic character for an indefinite period, instead of assuming their last metamorphosis. The question, then, may be asked, Is it then a law that of the ova of a single incubation a certain number become fully developed after a residence in the fresh water of a few weeks—a certain number at the end of a year—and a still greater number never, but, retaining their generic dress, continue in this dwarfish state in the fresh water rivers? These are the appearances the question assumes at present.—A new species of sponge has been found abounding in the vicinity of Tenby, the vital powers of which are very remarkable. A sponge cut into three pieces and brought into contact was firmly reunited in less than twelve hours; and specimens of the same species placed in close contact became shortly one sponge. With reference to the nutritive apparatus, the interior of the animal is one large stomachal cavity furnished with membranes covered with a coat of sarcode, similar in every respect to the mucous lining of the intestines of the higher animals, performing the same functions through every gradation of animal existence—this substance being an organ of more importance in digestion than is generally conceived.—A higher degree of organisation has been urged in favour of *Aculephæ*, by Professor Corbet, than that usually assigned to them. And from experiments made it would seem that the fact is proved that the antennæ of insects are not, as has been supposed, auditory, but olfactory organs.

A curious fact has been brought to light from the late experiments of deep sea soundings, made in endeavouring to point out the proper track for the submarine telegraph between this country and America. In one part there was some quartzose sand, with few particles of hornblende, in which not a trace of organised form could be detected; with this exception, however, it appears that the bottom of the North Atlantic Ocean is literally nothing but a mass of microscopic shells. Lieutenant Berryman's soundings show that even in the summer time, when animal life is most abundant, neither the surface water, nor that of any depth collected, contained a trace of any hard-shelled animalcules, as the species of shells has not been found living in surface waters, nor in shallow waters along the shore. The question arises, do they live at the bottom, at the immense depths, or are they borne along by submarine currents from their real habitat?

The discovery of ammonia as a constituent of the blood forms a marked feature of the period, for which the Astley Cooper prize was awarded to Dr. B. W. Richardson. By a long series of experiments he has proved that the fluid condition of the blood is dependent upon the presence of ammonia in small quantities. The amount of ammonia in the blood seems to vary with different conditions; when the blood is at rest it parts rapidly with ammonia, and coagulates. Ammonia is also found in varying quantities in the breath. When the body is fatigued, or after fasting, ammonia, in conjunction with carbonic acid gas, is given off largely in the breath; but, after meals, this amount diminishes. The ammonia thus exposed forms one of the sources from whence plants derive nitrogen from the air, thus forming another connecting link between the animal and vegetable worlds. In low fevers the breath is distinctly alkaline; this has been also observed in the case of yellow fever. The discovery, if confirmed by subsequent experiment, is one of the highest importance with reference to the nature and treatment of diseases.

A new and interesting field of research has been

opened by Dr. Kemp in developing the fact that "the mucus of the gall-bladder is not merely a secretion destined to lubricate the interior of that organ, and protect it from the irritation of its other contents, but is an essential integral portion of the cystic bile. That the gall-bladder is not merely a reservoir and receptacle for the bile, but an organ highly endowed with organic functions, and that the proper secretion of the liver is converted into cystic bile mainly through the agency of its mucous membrane. The experiments, it must be stated, are the results of non-vital reactions; it remains, therefore, to be determined how far such molecular changes would be identical under the influence of vitality.

If we turn our attention to botanical researches, it will be found that the points principally aimed at have been a more distinct classification of the different plants. The broad facts of the science have been established by a Linnæus, and subsequently confirmed by the researches of the De Candolles, to whose labours must be added those of Owen and others who have enlarged the sphere of fossil botany. Modern research has shown that plants not only perform the restricted function of keeping up the balance of purifying the air, but have a greater influence in the economy of the world, as supplying their inhabitants with nourishment; for it has been calculated by M. Dumas, that, as regards the higher race of animals, it would require no less than 10,000 years before any sensible effect would be produced on the amount of oxygen in the air, even supposing vegetable life to be extinct during that period.

In the domain of fossil botany the main facts, though few, are now well established, and the theory of progressive development has given way before the researches of modern days; for the land plants of the carboniferous period, the Conifers of the lias and oolite, and the natural orders found in the chalks, are as highly organised as those of the present day; and, with reference to some orders, as the Lycopodiaceæ of the carboniferous age, and the ferns of the oolite and coal, although in general structure the same, were very much more highly developed in stature and organisation—and these natural orders embrace some of the most highly organised in the vegetable kingdom.

**GEOGRAPHICAL ETHNOLOGY.**—When we look over the past, and consider that for the space of nearly 6000 years man has had dominion over the face of the globe, how little has been known of the earth, his destined habitation; and even of many of the known parts there existed but very imperfect acquaintance. Within what late periods have the continents of America and Australia been added to the sphere of man's knowledge. And even now that the whole surface of the world is laid bare before him, how many portions yet remained unrevealed; and others that once were centres of existence have, as it were, to be brought to light once more. The labours of a Layard have exhumed the buried cities of the valley of the Euphrates; and the learning and patient perseverance of a Rawlinson have opened the pages of past languages of the human race, and a Babylon and a Nineveh live again, as when teeming with a population, and ruled over by the dynasties of Babylonia and Assyria; and thus, while the past life of races has been retraced, a light has been thrown upon those early languages, cognate and kin, and emanating from some original type, but which have since been ramified into the many varied languages and dialects that now sever man from man, as when the fiat first went forth that there should be no longer one language on earth.

But, coming down at once to our own immediate times, scarcely had the great question of the existence of a north-western passage been solved under the auspices of Captain Maclure, than the explorations of Dr. Kane and his gallant party revealed the fact that there was a limit to the icebound region, and an open sea and flowing water met the astonished gaze, and revealed a new feature in geographical science. Passing from hence to the torrid zone of the equator, the world has been startled with the discoveries of Dr. Livingston in Central Africa. This continent, which has so long excited the curiosity of travellers and tempted some daring spirits into its interior, has at length been traversed from sea to sea, and lands hitherto known only as desert and inhospitable have been found with traces of civilisation as singular as unexpected; and a vast region, abounding in mineral and vegetable wealth, and inhabited by a varied population, has been suddenly brought into the human family, and must ere long exert probably an influence for good, as knowledge becomes disseminated throughout its vast interior, even over the more civilised parts of the habitable globe.

Two expeditions have been also sent to explore the country from whence the Nile is supposed to draw its source—one through Egypt and another from the east coast of Africa. These can scarcely return without accomplishing some valuable geographical discoveries. The northern part of Australia has also been made the object of research, and we wait for the result.

While explorations are thus being carried on in various parts of the world, endeavours are being made to bring the scattered portions of the globe into closer and more intimate connection. For this purpose the

question of the canalisation of the Isthmus of Suez has been revived, and all the preliminary preparations of survey and plans have been completed, which would thus bring Europe into immediate contact with the East, the project being only delayed by political, or it may be even diplomatic, considerations. The narrow neck of land also that divides North from South America has been explored, to open in this direction a new way to Australia and Asia; and ere long the Pacific and the Atlantic bid fair to flow into one another through a canal communication, while there seems every probability that an interoceanic railway will at some point or other be carried across, to develop still further the means of transit.

The fate of Sir J. Franklin and his gallant party still occupies attention, and, with some, a doubt remains whether or not a portion of the crew may not be still found alive. Expeditions have in consequence been organised, which, starting from different points, will direct their steps to the small area still left unexplored.

Nor must we omit to make mention, among the geographical movements of the last year, of the already great extension of the telegraph. Taking Great Britain as the central station, routes have been explored eastward from the Mediterranean along the Euphrates valley and thus to India; while the soundings taken between this country and America, along what is now called the telegraphic plateau, show that there are no insuperable difficulties to the fulfilment of this gigantic project of connecting the Old with the New World. The arrangements have been carried so far that the telegraphic wire is contracted for completion by the 1st of May next.

In the department of Ethnological Science, while new races have been introduced into the human family from Central Africa by Dr. Livingston, the course of events seems to threaten the extinction or absorption of others. This is especially the case with the Red Indians of North America and the negro population of the United States. And this displacement and extinction of certain races is strictly in accordance with the Mosaic account. From the very first, an important subdivision of the human family was stamped with the mark of degradation, for it is written that Canaan shall be the servants of servants. To the Semitic races were assigned a special rank in the world's future. Thus the Hebrews (a branch from them) partly extirpated and partly absorbed the Canaanites, the last inhabitants of the promised land; yet the nations of the Semitic stock are destined to displacement by the Japhetic races, "who, enlarging their bounds and encroaching on the birthright of elder nations, are destined to dwell in the tents of Shem, and Canaan shall be their servant."

**ECONOMIC SCIENCE AND STATISTICS.**—The importance of statistics, the source from whence the modern statesman draws that knowledge so essential to all good government, has brought it within the pale of sciences. Dealing in facts alone, the results are sure; and these rest on the axiom that the laws which operate on the moral and physical condition of the human race are constant. In dealing with the individual, or a fact, everything is uncertain; but, taken man or facts in the aggregate, the results that are elicited are governed by certain and well-defined laws. Thus, on the momentous question of poverty and crime, it has been too often loosely asserted that "guilt and poverty are closely connected." The records of the past year alone will disprove the position; and it may be shown, from the data derived from the calendar of crimes and convictions, that guilt arises more frequently from drunkenness and ignorance than from poverty; although, taking the statistics of real and great offences, the general conclusion is, "that when the people are comfortable they are well conducted, while when a time of privation comes crimes increase."

The enormous export of silver to the East, which has had some effect on the monetary affairs of Europe, has called general attention to the fact. It appears that from 1851 to 1855 inclusive no less than 22,000,000*l.* of silver had been exported to the East through England alone, and in 1856 the amount reached 9,000,000*l.* Such is the fact; the cause as yet remains unexplained.

The subject of decimal coinage has been much agitated during the year; but no definite plan has yet been determined upon, although the suggestions have been numerous and varied. The diversity of measures in the different corn markets in the United Kingdom has also been brought under notice in consequence of the great inconveniences arising from such various measures—a difference of 20*lb.* existing in the weight of the bushel, which in Gloucester is 50*lb.*, while in Liverpool it is 70*lb.*

The statistics of reformation for the people point to the good effect that has been produced in the endeavour to reform especially juvenile offenders, rather than harden them by making them inmates of prisons. And while schools have increased in every direction, the establishment of lending libraries, and the statistics of the new feature of book-hawking, show what may be done by giving a stimulus in the right direction, by the distribution of a higher standard of works; thus counteracting the baleful influence that had crept in from

the extensive sale of books of a demoralising tendency and character.

**MECHANICS.**—The great feature in mechanics has been the discovery of Mr. Bessemer's plan for making iron without fuel, and thus reducing the cost and at the same time producing a better material. The history of this process is comprised in two former patents of Nasmyth and Martien, dated in 1854-5, and the several patents of Bessemer, dated 1856, the last specified being dated Feb. 12th. In Napier's process a blast of dry steam is the agent employed, which, passing through the molten iron, produces the requisite agitation, and, being resolved into its constituent elements, the liberated oxygen carries off the carbon, while the hydrogen removes the sulphur and other impurities—the result being a quantity of malleable iron of a very superior quality. Martin's plan is the injection of air or steam only as a preparatory process, the puddling being conducted in the usual way. Bessemer's process is the injection of air into the molten mass, the oxygen of which combining with the carbon of the iron produces intense heat during the operation; all the impurities, and the boiling mass, within half an hour, may be taken out in any stage between steel and the softest iron. In all chemical processes such as this, it would appear that time is a necessary ingredient in the operation, and thus the very rapidity of the transformation led to a doubt as to the perfection of the result; and so it has proved that the process, which took the world by storm at the commencement of the year, ere the close had lost much of its *prestige*, and the manufacture ere long may return to its beaten track.

**Price and Nicholson's patent for manufacture of Iron.**—The invention is based upon the principle that there exists a relation between the strength of cast-iron and its chemical composition, and relates especially to the reduction of silicon, as being the impurity which tends most to diminish the strength of cast-iron. In order to lower the per-centage of this impurity, the patentees employ the product of the refining process known as *metal*, which they find to be free from silicon, and to contain an amount of carbon not very much less in quantity than that existing in the grey pig-iron from which it is obtained, but present in the combined instead of the graphitous state. This metal is to be melted together with good qualities of grey pig-iron, in proportions which experience may point out as the best for certain purposes. No alteration is required in the present mode of smelting iron. A preference is given to iron smelted by cold blast. By carrying out the principle, it is shown that when pig-iron and metal, both obtained by the use of coal, are employed, cast-iron, equal to that hitherto produced by the use of charcoal, can be manufactured; while if a mixture of charcoal products is made, a cast-iron of very great purity will be the result. Either grey or mottled iron can be produced as desired.—**Cast steel.**—In this process, the fact of *metal* containing the whole of its carbon in the combined state, or that in which it exists in steel, is rendered available, and the invention consists in mixing with metal the necessary quantity of wrought-iron to reduce the per-centage of carbon to the proper amount, and thus to produce cast-steel. The patent refers to iron and metal obtained from cast-iron smelted by coal.

In all mechanism, one subject of great importance is the power of accurate measurement; all excellence of workmanship depends upon it. This has been effected by employing the principle of touch instead of sight. A thin bar is brought into contact with two planes, so as, on being raised, it falls by its own gravity. By bringing the planes into closer contact, by even the millionth part of an inch, the bar is suspended, friction overcoming its gravity, the heat even imparted by the finger being sufficient to produce the result.

We have thus endeavoured, though very imperfectly we fear, to give some idea of what has been done in the various departments of science during the past year. The very number and variety of the subjects form in themselves a difficulty of no inconsiderable moment, inasmuch as the mere enumeration and formation of a chronicle of such events demand a vast amount of the ordinary quality of attention only; and this it has been our endeavour to bestow upon all that has come under notice in the current of scientific events. The wonders of the telescope and the marvels of the microscope are subjects of interest to the whole human race; but it has been only lately that many of the subjects have been reduced to the form of scientific research and investigation. With the improvements in the instruments employed the domain of science must necessarily be still further enlarged. What the gigantic telescope of Lord Rosse has yet discovered is only an instalment of the discoveries that await greater powers of telescopic vision; objects of the height of 100 feet can now, with certainty, be brought to the eye; it is not unreasonable to expect that the size will be still more reduced and the wonders of the sunlit be more clearly displayed. The deep soundings of the telegraphic plateau has introduced a new world of submarine life, and, as investigation proceeds, the laws that govern the formation of the mighty deep will ere long be brought to light. In fact, in whatever direction we turn, whether to the vast region of



the heavens, or dive into the mysteries buried under the earth's crust, or cast a broad glance over the surface of the globe, we everywhere find unerring symptoms of the increasing scientific elucidation of natural phenomena. In every department we appear to be on the eve of some great discovery, and the fulfilment of the expectation of one day is only a prelude to further research, until another expectation raised, finds at length its own elucidation. It is satisfactory to find, at least, in this country, that inquiry has been excited towards scientific investigation. Learning is no longer locked up within the walls of colleges or schools, or confined to the close atmosphere of a scholar's study; it has become diffused throughout the country, until even the denizens of a humble cottage are found among its votaries. Taking this view, this chronicle of science may be found not altogether without its use; for, while it may mark what has been done, it points also to the greater field of observation and investigation yet undeveloped and left for the labours of each succeeding generation.

### THE FINE ARTS IN 1856.

THE arts of painting and sculpture supply subjects so vast, and facts so various, and the taste for them is happily so widely diffused throughout England at this time, that even so much as to catalogue the interesting events which occur in connection with them in the space of a single year would far exceed the mechanical capabilities of this *résumé*. Brief, therefore, must we be, and summary, indeed, must be our remarks.

Photography (which must now be reckoned among the fine arts) is in London the first to assert itself; for it is the Photographic that takes precedence of all the exhibitions of the year. The show in 1856 was particularly good, proving a marked advance in the art. The specimens from the Crimea naturally attracted the largest share of attention.

Let us dwell for a moment upon a few facts culled at hazard from among the journals of the period, and store them up in our minds as indicative of the taste for art, the imperious want and craving after ornament, the large and liberal disposition to foster and advance the arts which is to be found in every class of people in this country. In the first place, we find the Government spending large sums of money in the adornment of the metropolis; and, strange to say, although we are always and notoriously an economical people, whenever any grumbling arises *à propos* of the fact, it is at the manner and not the amount of the expenditure. Sometimes even the Government is attacked for spending so little. Yet we are adorning the metropolis at every quarter: new parks here; new statues in Trafalgar-square there; a palace of the Legislature which will be one of the wonders of the world; twelve statues made by English artists, and costing 1000*l.* each, to put into the entrance-hall of that wonderful palace; 5000*l.* spent from beginning to end upon an (at best) doubtful Veronese (but this was folly); six statues (to cost 700*l.* each), ordered for Guildhall by the City of London, and to be executed by six of our best English sculptors; Liverpool offering 1750*l.* for a statue of Archdeacon Brooks; Sir Benjamin Hall, in the fullness of his heart, conceiving to spend 25,000*l.* upon another Wellington memorial (as if we had not one too many at Hyde-park-corner already); money laid out here, there, and everywhere; many acquisitions to the nation at Mr. Rogers's sale, and other important sales; and Mr. Roach Smith's collection, purchased for the British Museum for 2000*l.* It is an encouraging and hopeful proof of the interest which Government takes in the progress of art throughout the country—an interest which, if it did not take its origin, at least received a great impulse from the Great Exhibition of 1851—that there are now in this country no less than sixty-three schools of art. That, at least, was the number which was announced in February last, when two new schools were opened under Government auspices. Then for facts testifying the interests of individuals in the progress of art, everywhere we find competent persons lecturing on art and artistic subjects, such, for example, as Mr. Ruskin and Mr. G. Scharf. Occasionally, too, persons of wealth and taste bequeath their artistic treasures to the nation: Mr. Rogers left several valuable pictures to the National Gallery. But the bequest which for munificence and disinterestedness seems to put all others in the shade is that precious legacy of Turner, which a grateful nation is even now consigning to the dark dungeons of Marlborough House. The large sums of money expended by the public for the mere permission to look at pictures afford another proof of the natural interest. During this very year an exhibition of amateur works was enabled to hand over to the Patriotic Fund no less a sum than 4732*l.* Enormous sums of money are constantly being spent upon art by private individuals; and if you wish to test an Englishman's enthusiasm you must find out how much money he spends upon his hobby. Mr. Rich's collection of pictures, &c., dispersed at Messrs. Foster's Sale-rooms, in January, brought altogether 12,000*l.*; and Mr. Rogers's sale (in April) brought about 40,000*l.*, Sir

J. Reynolds's picture, *The Strawberry Girl*, being knocked down at the enormous price of 2100 guineas! Reubens's *Rainbow Landscape*, at Lord Orford's sale (in July), fetched 4550*l.* At Mr. Fairrie's sale, *The Temple of Jupiter*, by Turner, was sold for 1365*l.* These facts tend surely to prove that there is some love and some patronage for art in this dull undemonstrative country of England; whilst the crowd of works which are exhibited by our painters and sculptors (at a time too when France is producing little, and Italy nothing) seems to indicate that the genius of art herself has deserted the South for these foggy skies. Whilst the guileless ladies of England can admire Etty and Frost (and it is precisely because they have no guile that they do so), that dirty tyrant, King Bomba, of Naples, is banishing poor Venus Callipyges, like a naughty girl, into the dark closet.

In the spring of the year 1856 two notable projects were broached to the public—Lord Stanhope's plan of a National Portrait Gallery and the Manchester scheme for a Fine Arts Exhibition. Of Lord Stanhope's magnificent scheme we have only since heard that Government has voted the paltry sum of 2000*l.* to carry it out, and the nearest thing to a realisation of it appears to be Messrs. Maull and Polyblank's series of photographic portraits; but the Manchester men, being hard-headed, practical fellows, and very tenacious of a good notion when they get hold of it, are carrying their scheme fast towards completion. What seems very unfair is that, now when the scheme is certain of success, the merit is in some quarters entirely attributed to Prince Albert.

But it is time to revert to our exhibitions. On the 11th of February the British Institution opened. Upon the catalogue of this we have inscribed "nothing remarkable;" and, on turning over the leaves, we find ticks against Mr. Hall's "Swift and the Messenger," Mr. J. C. Morris's "Drive," Sir G. Hayter's "Martyrdom of Latimer and Ridley," Mr. Le Jeune's "Little Gretchen, and (we suppose on account of its oddity) G. Cruikshank's "Fairy Ring."

To this followed the exhibition at the Portland Gallery (the National Institution of Fine Arts); and here our note indicates more fecundity than talent among the contributors, for we have written, "575 pictures exhibited, but nothing above mediocrity." The twenty-third exhibition of the Society of British Artists came next in order, and here we find notes against the works of Messrs. Pettitt, C. Baxter, Hill, Cobbett, Woolmer, Pyne, and T. F. Wainwright—most of them young artists of rising talent, who give bright promise for the next generation of Academicians.

Next we find the twenty-second exhibition of the New Society of Painters in Water Colours—a branch of the art in which the French admit us to be superior to themselves, consequently superior to all the world. The names against which notes of admiration were appended here are those of Corbould, Wehnert, Mole, Rowbotham, Penley, M'Kewen, Cooke, Bennett, Bouvier, and Warren.

At the exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours, the voices both of the critics and of the public concurred in giving the *pas* to Gilbert's picture of "Her Majesty Inspecting the Wounded Coldstream Guards in the Hall at Buckingham Palace," and "The Standard Bearer," by the same artist. The works of Topham, Goodall, J. Fripp, F. Tayler, and Rivière were also much admired; as also Lewis's "English Nobleman's Encampment on Mount Sinai." Nor should we omit to mention the landscapes of C. Branwhite, the massive and grand conceptions of D. Cox, Callow's architectural studies, Andrews's "Dutch Indianman hove down," and the marvellous fruit and flowers of W. Hunt, Rosenberg, and Bartholomew. This exhibition, it will be perceived, was rich in excellencies.

The Royal Academy exhibition, after its usual heralding of dinner (at which, by the way, the wit of Palmerston more won the hearts of the Academicians than if he had moved the House to devote 50,000*l.* for the encouragement of art), was thrown open to the public in due time. The collection was adjudged, by universal consent, to be far above mediocrity. The Pre-Raphaelite whimsy appeared to be dying out; and the pictures exhibited by the leaders of the sect, Millais and Hunt, were in more senses than one *queer*. The name of "The Scapegoat," attached to a strange picture of a sickly goat upon the shores of the great Salt Sea, was a sort of *argumentum ad clericos*, and the picture is said to have been very much admired by more than one member of the Bench of Bishops; but the public at large did not seem to care much for it. In "Peace Concluded" and "Autumn Leaves" Millais exhibited a decided falling away from his position of last year. Among the more admired pictures we may note Ward's "Parting between Marie Antoinette and her Son;" Goodall's "Cranmer;" Wallis's "Chatterton;" Faed's "Home and the Homelands;" Sir C. Landseer's "Saved!" and "Highland Nurses;" Webster's "Hide and Seek;" Stanfield's "Abandoned One;" Roberts's "Interior of St. Peter's;" and Ary Scheffer's "Portrait of Charles Dickens." The collections of miniatures and of architectural drawings were good without being remarkable; but that of sculpture offered very few specimens above mediocrity. A bust of the Queen, by Joseph Durham, was greatly admired, and thought, by

many, to be infinitely superior to a more pretentious treatment of the same subject by the Baron Marochetti. Mr. Durham's bust was afterwards purchased by Sir F. Moon, and presented by him to the City of London, for the adornment of Guildhall.

About this time some little scandal was created among the artists by a report that Sir Benjamin Hall, while pretending to throw the matter open for competition, had really destined the 25,000*l.* Wellington Testimonial for Baron Marochetti. This rumour gained strength from the fact that the Chief Commissioner of the Board of Works had entrusted the foreign sculptor with the English trophy to be erected on the heights of Scutari, for which he had been paid 17,000*l.* In a letter, full of good sense and quiet sarcasm, the leading artists of England reminded the minister that there are natives of this country who are quite equal to the execution of such works, and that he need not go to Italy to seek proper recipients for the Government patronage. In answer to this remonstrance, Sir Benjamin eventually consented to throw the Wellington monument open to general competition.

The exhibition of a model of Marochetti's Scutari Trophy was made the occasion of a great festival at the Crystal Palace, the Queen herself attending. The Scutari Trophy was much admired; but not so a trumpery gewgaw of pasteboard, gilding, and artificial flowers, which was exhibited at the same time under the pretence of being a peace trophy. At the thing was a failure, the design of this offence against good taste was never laid at the right door; but we have reason to believe that it arose from the same brain that did not invent the Crystal Palace, but *did* once invent a hat. About this time, picture galleries were opened in the Crystal Palace for the exhibition of pictures on sale or not on sale. The collection brought together is necessarily very miscellaneous; but we have seen some good pictures among the number. Another grand occasion at the Crystal Palace was the opening of the great fountains about the middle of June.

An exhibition of the British Institution some magnificent treasures were brought light; notably selections from the Carnaccini collection, belonging to the Duke of Northumberland, and Lord Leicester's famous Michael Angelo. There was also a good exhibition of French pictures in Pall-mall, conspicuous in which was a fine "Hound," by Rosa Bonheur.

The state of the National Gallery was from time to time brought under the notice of the public during this year. The animosity of Messrs. Coningham and Morris against Sir C. Eastlake and Dr. Mundtler never seems to tire; and, if the truth must be spoken, there always seems plenty of fuel ready to keep it in a blaze. The Paul Veronese scandal alone was quite enough to disgust the public with the management of the national collection; and, if any fresh source of dissatisfaction were needed, it might easily be found in the shocking revelations as to the retouching of Velasquez's "Boar Hunt." But of one thing the public may be sure: the National Gallery will never be in proper order until a building is provided, fitted to contain the national collection; and, remembering this, it is consolatory to remember that a step in that direction was taken towards the close of the session of 1856, when her Majesty issued a commission to inquire into a fit and proper site for a new National Gallery.

In addition to the Fine Arts Exhibition projected by the Manchester people, the Department of Science and Art at Marlborough-house have propounded a scheme for a Great Exhibition in 1858, "to consist of carvings in all materials, furniture, decorations, metal workings of all kinds, jewellery and goldsmith's work, pottery, glass, and all kinds of decorative woven fabrics." It is to be hoped by that time that the Soulages Collection of Medieval Art (purchased by a private committee of noblemen and gentlemen, and brought over to this country at their own risk, for the refusal of the Government) will by that time have become public property. A more unique and complete collection of art does not exist (not even the Sommerard Collection at the Hotel Cluny); and it is difficult to believe that Government will permit such an opportunity to slip through their fingers.

Many facts do not remain to be noted in this our summary of matters connected with art. The death of a promising young sculptor, Mr. Powell, and a Pecksniffian attack upon his character by a journalist who ought to have known better, gave occasion to some acrimonious discussion; which resulted, however, in a complete vindication of the young artist's memory. Her Majesty having determined upon presenting six statues to the University of Oxford, some competition among our young sculptors has been the result. Several public memorials have been erected in various parts of the metropolis; notably the statue of General Napier in Trafalgar-square, and the statue of Captain Coram at the gate of the Foundling Hospital. The Scotch have subscribed for a monument to Wallace at Stirling, and the Welsh for one to Llewellyn. Sir Benjamin Hall's notable scheme for giving the Duke of Wellington another monument, at a cost of 25,000*l.*, has naturally given rise to much discussion and ridicule. Why, it is suggested, when we have a Raleigh,

a Shakspeare, a Bacon, a Newton, a Halley, a Davey, a Wordsworth, and a hundred other men of transcendent merit, should all the bronze and marble be expended on a single man, and that man a soldier? Does it not seem as if, having only one hero, we were determined to make the most of him.

In the month of December some correspondence passed between the secretary to the Sculptors' Institute and the Chief Commissioner of the Board of Works, on the subject of the Wellington Memorial. From the tone of that correspondence it appears that considerable dissatisfaction is abroad among the English sculptors in connection with the business, founded upon a want of confidence in the good faith of the Chief Commissioner. The English sculptors appear to regard it as a foregone conclusion that a foreigner is to be employed, and that foreigner the Baron Marochetti. This is unfair, and prejudices a satisfactory decision; for it might just happen that Baron Marochetti's design was the best.

The year has been full of important events, and the prospects for next year are hopeful.

### MUSIC IN 1856.

MUSICALLY speaking, the year 1856 has turned out infinitely better than it promised to be. Whether it was that the national mind was too occupied with serious matters to find time for the charming and humanising delights of music, we cannot say; but it is certain that when the year opened nothing seemed more unlikely than that we should have a full musical season. Few announcements were made, and those not of a very promising order; none of the usual speculative guesses were hazarded as to the intentions of directors, managers, and impresarios; curiosity did not stretch out its long neck and look far into the future; nothing was expected, and consequently nothing was talked of.

Spring, however, which chases away the gloomy shades of winter, brought not only sunshine but peace upon the earth; and then it was no wonder that a reaction took place. Advertisements grew more numerous; projects sprang up on all sides, and, like the grove after a shower, all London burst forth into song.

To resume, however. The opening of 1856 found Madame Goldschmidt (*née* Jenny Lind) singing sacred music at Exeter Hall. She was also giving a series of miscellaneous concerts on her own account, and to these the fashionable world flocked in droves, partly because there was little else to go and hear—partly because they had not heard the Swedish Nightingale since she had forsaken the wicked boards of the Opera, and, after inclining her ear to the serious counsel of the Bishop of Norwich, had taken to more serious paths—and very much because the price of admission placed the luxury of hearing her beyond the reach of the vulgar. Did Madame Goldschmidt gain by this latter circumstance? was a question which musicians asked at the time. In pocket we believe yes; but in reputation, no. She certainly got more guineas, but not a more appreciative audience. Besides that, her concerts were not fairly and honestly worth a guinea in a musical point of view. Of course, it was pleasant to hear her devoting her glorious voice and still more glorious talent to the interpretation of such simple ballads as "John Anderson, my Jo;" but where the "Messiah" can be heard for five shillings, what musical entertainment is worth four times that sum? Another consideration must be taken into account; Madame Goldschmidt was the only attraction at her concerts. Her orchestra was bad; her husband a very second-rate pianist; and to apportion the price equitably between the attractions it would be necessary to express it thus:—Madame Goldschmidt = 20s.; all the rest = 1s.

On Jan. 21st, Madame Goldschmidt sang the soprano part in *Elijah*, Mr. Benedict conducting; the Sacred Harmonic Society having produced the same work ten days previously with Madame Clara Novello and Miss Dolby. Subsequently she sang in the *Messiah*—creating an immense impression in that colossal work. The remaining facts connected with her brief stay must be as briefly told. With her own concerts and those of the Philharmonic Society, at which she consented to assist, she continued to attract and delight the town up to the month of June, when she gave three grand farewell concerts. Before her departure she recalled the memory of her accustomed charity by giving a concert in aid of the Nightingale Fund. On the 25th of June, she sang in the *Creation*, at Exeter Hall, and on the 30th of the same month the last of her farewell concerts took place.

The most important productions of the Sacred Harmonic Society about this time were the *Elijah*, *Judas Maccabæus*, and Mr. Costa's *El*, of which (judging by the favour with which it is received not only in the metropolis, but in the provinces), this country is growing justly proud. All through the season the personnel of the Sacred Harmonic Society remained very strong, including such artists as Clara Novello and Miss Dolby, and later on Madame Viardot, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Weiss—its band all the time offering a marked contrast to that of the Philharmonic Society, which was universally ad-

judged to be inferior to that which it had possessed in former years.

Among the meritorious endeavours which are made to popularise good music, the enterprises of Mr. Hullah must stand ever in the foreground. Less advertised than Jullien, his influence over the public taste is infinitely greater: and, whilst the worthless *pasticcios* and brazen fanfarones of the latter do an incalculable amount of harm, the quiet but energetic measures of the former have constantly the most salutary effect upon the public mind. As M. Victor Schœlcher has justly pointed out, there is no city in the world in which good music is brought so much within the reach of the humblest means as London; and it is only just to Mr. Hullah to admit that this fact, of which we have every reason to be proud, is in no remote degree due to his exertions. To give some idea of the character of these exertions, we may note that, on Wednesday, January 16th, we find Mr. Hullah, at St. Martin's Hall, producing Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, with the assistance of Mr. Sims Reeves and Madame Weiss, for the price of one shilling. And this was whilst Madame Goldschmidt was levying one guinea for "John Anderson, my Jo!" In February Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang* and Beethoven's "Mass in C" were played at St. Martin's Hall, and Lent was fitly heralded at the same place by Handel's glorious *Messiah*.

In April this indefatigable manager produced, for the first time, Reinthal's *Jephtha*; in a subsequent part of the season he produced Rossini's *Stabat Mater*. Thanks to Mr. Hullah, therefore, music is not the exclusive luxury of the rich. But it must not be supposed that, because his entertainments are cheap, they are therefore of an inferior order of merit; on the contrary, the orchestration is always excellent, and the vocalists are of the best quality; whilst the admirable system of training adopted by Mr. Hullah insures a degree of perfection in the choruses such as is not often attained. In the month of June an attempt was made to introduce at St. Martin's Hall a composition of a native composer; but the Rev. S. S. Greatheed's oratorio of *Enoch's Prophecy* was rather too amateurish to suit the experienced taste of the frequenters of that temple of cheap but good music. In July, Mr. Hullah brought his concerts to a close with the *Creation*.

Among the endeavours to produce good music for the million, it would be most unjust to omit mention of those made by the directors of the Panopticon in Leicester-square during the earlier part of the year. It may not be generally known that that institution possesses one of the finest organs in the world; but such is really the case; and the excellent performances of Mr. E. T. Chipp upon that magnificent instrument deserved a better success than they met with at the hands of the public. On the 24th of February (Handel's birthday) the serenata of *Acis and Galatea* was performed there in honour of the occasion, Mr. and Mrs. Drayton being the principal vocalists. After Easter oratorios were regularly performed at the Panopticon; but whether it was that the public was otherwise engaged, or did not conceive it possible that music could assort well with the gigantic electrical machine and the luminous fountain, the experiment, we fear, proved somewhat of a failure.

The death of Professor Walmesley having rendered vacant the Professorship of Music at Cambridge, a smartly-contested election, in which the leading professors of the United Kingdom presented themselves as candidates, terminated in favour of Mr. Sterndale Bennett. This choice gave great satisfaction, and, seeing that no two opinions could be entertained of Mr. Bennett's fitness for the office, this is not greatly to be wondered at. It was not until June 29 that Mr. Bennett performed his customary anthem at Cambridge as "an exercise for his degree." In February Mr. Bennett gave three *soirées* of Chamber Music, which were attended by the *élite* of the musical and fashionable world.

Among the minor events of this portion of the year, we may note the appearance of Pico, the blind Sardinian minstrel, at Paris, in the month of January, and the *début* of Miss Louisa Vinning, at Mr. Frank Mori's concert at the Beaumont Institution. This young lady (who in earlier years was known to the public as the Infant Sappho) afterwards enjoyed a brilliant triumph at Exeter Hall, by singing in the *Messiah* at a moment's notice, upon the failure of Mrs. Clara Hepworth through nervousness and indisposition. Mr. Haigh, a tenor of promise, also made his *début* at Covent-garden, assisting Mrs. Lucy Escott in the musical *mélange* with which Mr. Anderson (the Wizard of the North), eked out his patchwork performances.

The death of the veteran John Braham on the 17th of February, and in the 80th year of his age, must be considered as an event of musical interest. About Easter the musical events became more numerous. Private concerts abounded, and those of Mr. Ella's Musical Union and of the New Philharmonic proved very attractive. In the second concert given by the former Beethoven's "Symphony in D" was produced. Madame Schumann's performances on the piano attracted great attention, though in some quarters it was hinted that that lady (once one of the greatest pianists in the world) is now growing rather *passée*; and this was more particularly obvious when

the committee of the Philharmonic Society, with questionable taste, committed to her the charge of leading the band with her piano-forte, when Dr. Schumann's very inferior work, *Paradise and the Peri*, was produced in the presence of the Queen. In April the New Philharmonic brought out M. Gounod's Second Symphony and Mr. Macfarren's new Overture to *Hamlet*—not eminently successful.

As the spring approached, the usual gossiping rumours about the forthcoming opera season began to be whispered about. The old house in the Haymarket was still closed, and presented no signs of life. Mr. Anderson, the conjurer, was in possession of Covent Garden for the time; but Mr. Gye was in Paris, beating up recruits for the forthcoming season. Suddenly an event happened which caused a complete *bouleversement* of all prospects and plans. On the 5th of March London awoke to the spectacle of Covent Garden theatre burnt to the ground. A *bal masqué* held at the theatre, some carelessness about the gas, or perchance the cigar of some Cockney "gent," had done the mischief, and in the space of half a dozen hours the splendid structure of Smirke, the glorious *solle* which had been reconstructed and decorated by Albano—the theatre which was consecrated by the memories of Siddons, of the Kembles, of Macready, and in later years of one of the most perfect opera companies that the world ever saw—was licked up by tongues of flame from the face of the earth. This unlooked-for event completely changed the nature of the opera prospects for the year, and in a short time (as all our readers are aware) Mr. Lumley was enabled to open the old house in the Haymarket, whilst Mr. Gye was forced to take refuge within the narrow limits of the Lyceum.

In spite, however, of his restricted means, Mr. Gye managed to be the first in the field, and, considering the circumstances in which he found himself and the difficulties which surrounded him, his success was astonishing. The Lyceum was opened with the *Trovatore*, Madame Nantier-Didié taking the place of Madame Viardot in the rôle of Azucena. Madame Ney, Tamberlik, and Graziana were also in the cast. This was followed by *L'Elisir*, with Gardoni, Ronconi, and Mlle. Marai, temporarily occupying the place of Madame Bosio, who soon afterwards appeared in *Il Conte Ory*. The next event here was the reappearance of Madame Grisi, and *Lucrèce Borgia* was produced for the *rentrée* of Mario. During the whole of the opera season Mr. Gye made the best use of his company by taking them on the "off days" to the Crystal Palace, where a splendid series of concerts were given, which proved most attractive to the *beau monde*, who asked for nothing better than to listen to the rarest delicacies of music whilst they feasted their eyes with the marvels and triumphs of art. As an experiment, the Crystal Palace Concerts were most successful, and will doubtless be repeated from year to year.

The programme of the Royal Italian Opera during the early part of the season comprised *Rigoletto*, *La Traviata* (with Grisi and Mario), and *Don Giovanni* (with Gardoni, Ronconi, and Formes). The *Trovatore* was also mounted once more, to give Mario an opportunity of singing Tamberlik's part.

Let us notice *en passant* Mr. Tully's experiment at Drury Lane for producing opera at a very cheap price. Musically speaking, all that can be said is that the performances were not *bad*; but even that is something in these days of clap-trap and catch-penny entertainments. For half-a-crown the public was enabled to hear such works as *Sonnambula*, the *Trovatore*, &c., &c. performed, if not in first-rate at least in a passable style; and we cheerfully accept such attempts for so much as they are worth, remembering that, if the price is one quarter of the more luxurious entertainment and the thing provided is better than one-fourth in point of quality, it is in reality cheaper and better in proportion. Two experiments of the same nature at Sadler's Wells and the Surrey, conducted about the same time, also enjoyed a moderate success.

Owing doubtless to the difficulty of arranging everything at a moment's notice, Mr. Lumley was not able to open his opera campaign until a short time after the usual period. When he did so, however, the public had every reason to be astonished at what he had achieved, and to be satisfied with the result. In the first place they had three *prime donne* during the season: two of whom were entirely successful, and two of whom were previously unknown to British audiences. The season was opened with *Cenerentola*, with Alboni, Calzolari, and a Signor Zucconi, who was not very successful in Don Magnifico. Then followed the *Barbiere*, with Alboni as Rosina, and Belletti as Figaro; soon afterwards Alboni appeared in *Sonnambula*, and all that the critics could object to her was that she was rather too big for the part. But the great card of the season, and which indeed secured the success of Mr. Lumley's campaign, was the *début* of Signora Piccolomini. Although it is true (as musicians object) that the success of this lady was due rather to her histrionic than to her musical capabilities, it is not true (as some others have asserted) that she was in any degree indebted for it to the moral, or rather immoral, character of her principal rôle. In our opinion, it is a great pity that Signora Piccolomini was so ill-advised as to appear in that opera, which is (to speak the truth) a work of no



great merit, being by no means the best of even Signor Verdi's productions. When she attempted *La Figlia* her success (musically speaking) was quite as decided as it was in the *Traviata*. In her own proper person, Signora Piccolomini possesses many of those qualities which ensure the favour of the public: she is a good though not first-rate singer, a judicious musician, a magnificent actress, and, finally, a very pretty little woman. *Que voulez vous de plus?* The next event at Her Majesty's Theatre was the mounting of the *Trovatore* for the debut of Madame Albertini, a singer with a strong soprano voice and a good appearance, but never likely to become a favourite *prima donna* in this country. On the 14th of June, Mlle. Johanna Wagner made her long-looked-for appearance as Romeo in *I Montecchi*. After being the cause of more litigation, more quarrelling, than ever "Fair Helen" herself gave rise to, much was naturally expected of Mlle. Wagner. To the surprise of everybody, however, the new *prima donna* turned out to be no phoenix. Her qualities may be briefly summed up: a very handsome and graceful presence, an exaggerated style of acting, a bold and pronounced style of singing, no light and shade, no taste, and a voice so various in its tone as to produce occasionally the effect of two voices.

Although not strictly a musical subject, it may here be noted that the *ballet* at both opera houses was throughout the season in a high state of efficiency. At the Lyceum Cerito was the queen; and at Her Majesty's the crown was divided between Marie Taglioni, Mlle. Boschetti, Rosati, and Katrine or Katinka, a lady of Russian celebrity.

The concluding events of the opera season may be briefly told. At Her Majesty's Theatre *Lucrezia Borgia* was mounted with a cast including Belletti, Mlle. Wagner, Madame Amadei, and Mr. Charles Braham. This gentleman, who is a son of the celebrated John Braham, came to this country with a better reputation from abroad than he succeeded in establishing upon Mr. Lumley's boards. Subsequently *Tancredi* was performed, with Mlle. Wagner in the cast. In order to make up for the tardy commencement of his season, Mr. Lumley gave a few extra nights at reduced prices—an experiment which, so far as the crowding of the public to hear La Piccolomini was concerned, was perfectly successful. In bidding farewell to the opera season of 1856, we may be permitted to express a hope that it may be only preparatory of better things; that the season of 1857 will find Mr. Gye in a theatre better suited to the exigencies of his company than the Lyceum; and that Mr. Lumley will be able to organise his means to greater perfection than the unforeseen events which called him to unexpected activity permitted him to do. At any rate, may both the houses flourish! Surely in this great pleasure-loving metropolis there is room for both. The problem to be solved, in order that these aspirations may be fulfilled, is how to rebuild Covent Garden. Rumours concerning this have been constantly flying about; but nothing seems certain. What is more sure is that a splendid concert-hall, which is to be one of the wonders of the world, is to be built in Piccadilly, of which Mr. Owen Jones is to be the architect.

During the summer months the concert-givers who disputed the favour of the town were of course numerous. Among the best concerts of the season we note those at the Crystal Palace, and those given by Madame Puzzi, Mrs. Anderson, Madame Schumann, the Herren Ganz (on the violin and violoncello), Signor Regondi, M. Molique, Madame Enderssohn, Miss Susan Goddard, and Miss Ellen Day; nor should we omit to mention the *matinées* of M. Arthur Napoleon and Madame Viardot. The concerts given by the Orchestral Union, under the direction of Mr. Alfred Mellon, require more special mention. For instrumental music they were among the best—perhaps they were the best—of the season. Great credit is due to that excellent director and talented composer, for the skill and patience with which he has organised the picked troops under his command; and, after all his labours, it must be some satisfaction to him to know (as is really the case) that the efficiency of his small but choice orchestra is not surpassed even by the boasted musicians of the Conservatoire. The execution of the "Pastoral Symphony," in the third concert, was an event to be remembered by connoisseurs.

After the *clôture* of the Opera the dull season commences. This was, however, somewhat enlivened up by the inauguration of a Monster Music Hall at the Surrey Gardens, with a mighty sounding of trumpets. The pretentious festival given upon this occasion was directed by M. Julien; and, as all the preparations were upon a monster scale, we can scarcely be surprised that the result was monstrous. To sum up the whole in a few words, much was attempted, and nothing good was the result. The Hundredth Psalm was given with an attempt to harmonise it to several hundred voices, and even the *Messiah* was attempted; but it was all in vain; such works require a leadership far superior to that of M. Julien's, and a degree of preparation which the directors of the entertainment at the Surrey Gardens did not deem it necessary to have recourse to.

Among the other autumn events, the festivals held at Gloucester and Bradford should be mentioned. It

is not generally known that the latter town possesses one of the finest music halls in England. At the Gloucester Festival the bill of fare was particularly full, comprising the *Messiah*, *Elijah*, *St. Paul*, Mozart's *Requiem*, and *The Creation*. At Blandford Costa's *Eli* was performed, and a May-day cantata, written expressly for the occasion by Macfarren. Whilst upon provincial matters we may make honourable mention of the musical inauguration of the Free Trade Hall in Manchester, on the 10th of October, at which a good selection of music, well performed, was given.

The gardener who should find a dahlia blooming in his garden in the midst of a December frost would scarcely be more surprised than was the London opera-goer when he heard of opera in October. In Paris it seems perfectly legitimate to have opera in the winter; but not so in London. Despite all custom, however, Mlle. Piccolomini gave two performances (consisting of *Don Paquita*, a scene from *La Figlia*, and the *Traviata*), at Her Majesty's Theatre about the end of October; and the experiment was so perfectly successful, that Drury Lane followed suit, with Mesdames Grisi and Gassier, and MM. Gassier, Formes, Mario, and Lorini. Shortly after Mlle. Piccolomini's experiment Her Majesty's Theatre was handed over to M. Julien, for a series of his popular promenade concerts. These began on the 5th of November, and terminated shortly before Christmas.

In the same month of October Mr. Hullah recommenced his cheap concerts at St. Martin's Hall, with that magnificent work *Israel in Egypt*, following up with the *Messiah*, in December. In the latter month the Sacred Harmonic Society began a new season with Handel's *Solomon*.

In looking forward to the prospects of next year, we are glad to be able to say that everything bids fair for a most prosperous musical season. The Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace will be a world-wide event. A taste for Handel's music is deepening and spreading over the land; all classes are acquiring an evident taste for it—from those who pay a guinea for it at Exeter Hall, to those who buy it for a shilling at St. Martin's Hall. This cannot but be a good symptom.

### THE THEATRES IN 1856.

A REVIEW of theatrical affairs in England for any given year can scarcely afford subject for anything but regret and humiliation. With dramatic authors who write pieces rather as a pastime than a regular occupation—with managers who appear to think that authors are well enough paid if they only do them the honour of producing their works—and with a Dramatic Authors' Society which contents itself with merely doing clerks' work for its members instead of defending them from oppression and from the power of *£ s. d.* over the necessities of the moment—who can wonder that there is not such a thing as an English national drama in existence, and that, dramatically speaking, we are precisely what Napoleon the Great hoped to make us politically speaking—dependent upon France.

Some consolation, however, may be derived from the fact that the year 1856 offers a greater number of original novelties than we have been accustomed to of late years. Whether this augurs a better state of things for the future, we are unable to say; but the fact is so. It is not possible, perhaps, that many of these "true-born natives" will survive for any period of time; but there they are: they have been produced and have passed muster. May we not entertain a hope that England is growing, as it were, out of her second childhood, and that by-and-by she will be able to walk alone?

Our readers will excuse us from giving a catalogue of the various Christmas pieces which inaugurated 1856. They were precisely what productions of that class usually are, neither better nor worse. They are as seasonable as plum-puddings; but they add to the dignity of the drama no more than plum-puddings do.

Drury Lane followed up its Christmas pantomime with a smart attack upon the Wizard of the North, in which Mr. Charles Mathews proved the possession of very high powers of mimicry by producing a most successful imitation of Mr. Anderson. This trifle was called *The Great Gun Trick*, and was speedily followed up by the retort courteous from Covent-garden, *What does he Want?* in which Mr. Leigh Murray gave back to Mr. Charles Mathews nearly as good as he sent. These *nugæ* were by Mr. Langford and Mr. R. Brough respectively, and, such as they were, were original. After this, we have no note of any novelty at Drury Lane until Easter, when the theatre reopened for opera, as has been seen in our "Musical Summary."

At Covent-garden (then under the direction of Mr. Anderson) a curious medley of entertainment was given, consisting of conjuring, legitimate drama, farce, and opera, up to the period when the unhappy event occurred which was the ruin of that magnificent theatre.

At the Princess's, the first novelty of any note was

*The First Printer*, by Tom Taylor and Charles Reade—a melodrama, quite original, and, thanks to good writing and a tasteful *mise-en-scène*, moderately successful. At Easter, two novelties were produced at this theatre: Mr. Moreton's *Prince for an Hour* and Mr. C. Dance's *Victor Vanquished*; the latter being a smartly-written little piece enough, and still more smartly acted by Miss Leclercq, became quite a standing favourite. Both of these last were original. In April Mr. Kean treated his patrons to one of those splendid Shaksperian revivals wherein his management so far excels that of all competitors. No one who witnessed the magnificent performance of the *Winter's Tale* is ever likely to forget it; so splendid were the costumes, so beautiful the scenery, so artistic the mounting, and so excellent the acting of the piece. In our opinion it far surpassed all Mr. Kean's previous efforts in that direction.

At the Haymarket, Christmas was followed by the revival of Farquhar's comedy of the *Beaux' Stratagem*, and then came an original piece by Mr. Bayle Bernard, *An Evil Genius*, which had like to prove the evil genius of Mr. Buckstone, judging at least by the empty boxes and speedy withdrawal of the piece. During the past year Mr. Buckstone seems to have paid more attention to the discovery of good actors than of good pieces; but we regret to say that his success has not been very conspicuous in either case. A Mr. Simpson, who debuted in *The Stranger*, proved altogether a failure; and the appearance of Mr. Murdoch, the American comedian, later on in the year, was at best but a qualified success. Miss Talbot, whom he has added to the lady portion of his troop, seems to be in better favour with the public; but whether this is owing to her good acting or her good looks it would be tedious, and perhaps ungallant, to inquire.

But Mr. Buckstone may easily dispense with having a high quality of artist at his establishment, so long as he can secure the services of Signora Perea and her attendant Spanish dancers, who have undoubtedly been his best cards throughout the whole of the year.

The first novelty after Christmas at the Adelphi was an amusing (and original) little *pièce de circonstance* by Mr. Sterling Coyne. *Urgent Private Affairs* was founded upon that plea for returning homeward which had become somewhat too popular among our Crimean heroes. No one is more facile than Mr. Coyne in catching at the passing folly as it flies, and turning it to profitable account. About this time also a dramatic version of the *Story of the Boots* in the Christmas number of *Household Words* was produced with indifferent success. Mr. G. Moore also wrote for this theatre an original farce, *That Blessed Baby*—which, like many of the blessed innocents who supplied the hint of the piece, did not live long in this wicked world. When the Adelphi was about to close for the Easter season, Mr. Webster announced his intention of rebuilding it at some future period, and advertised for loans upon debenture; but the contemplated improvement has not yet been carried out. About this time also the theatre-goers of London were startled with the news that her Majesty the Queen had permanently taken a box at this theatre, the better to appreciate the gross pleasantries of Messrs. Wright and Bedford.

The Olympic began the season with a translation—*Stay at Home*, taken from "Un Mari qui se dérange"—in which the dangers of jealousy and of visiting Cremorne Gardens were humorously exposed. Subsequently, Mr. Tom Taylor produced a well-written though somewhat equivocal melodrama, *Retribution*, of which both the plot and the sentiment were taken from a French novel. The most notable circumstance connected with this piece was, that it gave occasion for the first appearance at this theatre of Miss Herbert, a young lady of pleasing appearance combined with a certain talent for picturesqueness of costume.

Sadler's Wells (true to its ancient fame) has been all throughout the year eminently Shaksperian. Mr. Phelps now boasts of having effected no less than twenty-nine revivals of Shakspeare's dramas upon the stage of this theatre. But not Shakspeare alone is the god of Mr. Phelps's idolatry, for shortly after Christmas he produced *The City Madam*. Soon after that, however, came *King John*, with Miss Atkinson as Constance. On April 5th Miss Cushman appeared at this theatre as Meg Merrilies. Before Easter Mr. Phelps suspended his management for a while, and the theatre was opened by Mr. G. Webster (the nephew, we believe, of Mr. B. Webster) with Mr. Selby's translation of the meretricious French melodrama "Les Filles de Marbre."

When Easter arrived, a peculiarity unparalleled in the history of the London theatres during the past few years was noticed; there were no Easter pieces. With the exception of an extravaganza, *Good Queen Bess*, or *ye Merrie Days of old England*, produced by Mr. C. J. Collins at the little Strand Theatre, nothing of this sort appeared.

It was about this time (April 5) that Mr. Charles Mathews (who is said to have leased himself out to Mr. E. T. Smith) played at the Marylebone Theatre, and that Miss Glynn appeared in Shaksperian characters at the Standard. In London, at least, there is no exclusive centralisation of talent. On the 21st of April Mr. Charles Dillon (who has since become the lessee of the Lyceum) made his *début* before a

London audience in the part of Belphegor at Sadler's Wells.

After Easter not many novelties were produced. At the Olympic Mrs. Stirling made her reappearance, after a long illness, and played Mrs. Bracegirdle in *The Tragedy Queen* on the 2nd of June. Shortly afterwards a little character-farce, *A Fascinating Individual*, written expressly for Mr. Robson, made its appearance, but did not long retain possession of the stage. An original farce by Mr. Morton, *The Rights and Wrongs of Woman*, was produced at the Haymarket with great success; in which the agitation for "woman's rights" was held up to good-humoured but merited ridicule. Among the other attractions of this part of the season we may note the appearance of Mr. and Mrs. Florence at Drury Lane and Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams at the Adelphi—two American couples, whose speciality it is to illustrate the eccentricities of Yankee character, and who gain admiration in proportion as their audience are fond of the *outré*, and are destitute of all principles of refined taste. As a proof of how successfully these artists appealed to the popular fancy, it may be noted that the songs which they introduced upon the stage—"Keemo Kimo," "Bobbing Around," and "My Mary Ann"—are now whistled by every gamin de Londres.

But the dramatic event *par excellence*, not only of this part of the season, but of the entire year 1856—the event which will cause that year to be long remembered in England—was the appearance of the great Italian *tragedienne*, Adelaide Ristori, at the Lyceum Theatre, then also open for operatic entertainments (see Musical Summary). The fame of that incomparable actress had long gone before her, and it is firmly fixed in England upon unassailable grounds. Without a rival (for we cannot even consent to consider Mlle. Rachel as such), she occupies that supreme tragic throne which Siddons once filled, and Siddons only. The first visit of Madame Ristori to this country was but a short one, and the exigencies of the Lyceum Theatre necessarily restricted the enjoyment of her performances to limited audiences, composed of persons who could afford to pay high prices for their seats; but, if rumour speaks the truth, she will return in the coming season under auspices which will render the people of England better acquainted with her transcendent genius. Her first appearance at the Lyceum was on the 4th of June, in *Medea*; subsequently she played in *Maria Stuarda*, *Pia dei Tolomei*, *Rosmunda*, *Francesca da Rimini*, and *La Locandiera*; showing by the last that she could fulfil the Socratic requirement and be as great in comedy as she was supreme in tragedy. It is, perhaps to be regretted that English prudery (aided, it is said, by episcopal influence) prevented Madame Ristori from appearing in her best and favourite part, that of Mirra. Her last appearance was on the 16th of July; after which she left this country, bearing with her the admiration of all who

saw her, and their ardent wishes for her speedy return.

To revert, however, to the English stage, we may note that an English comic dramatist, Mr. Robert Brough, offered a singular proof of the delicacy of his taste by burlesquing, for the Olympic, Madame Ristori's admirable rôle in *Medea*. The attempt was entirely destitute of humour; and, although the talent of Mr. Robson afforded that attraction to the public in which probably the manager found his account, there could be but one opinion as to the taste and wisdom of the whole business. A still worse abomination of the same kind was perpetrated at the Adelphi; but, as that offence against good taste was avenged by its own inherent dullness, we shall refrain from saying anything about it. Several pleasant little *riens* produced in the months of July, brought the theatrical season merrily to a close. Among these we note Mr. Hughes at *Home* (adapted from "Où passerai-je mes soirées") at the Haymarket; *A Conjugal Lesson* (an adaptation of "Monsieur va au Cercle"), at the Olympic; and *Music hath Charms* (also taken from the French), at the Princess's. Finally, a new but not very successful comedy, from the pen of Mr. Palgrave Simpson, entitled *Second Love*.

The Princess's was the first to reopen for the autumn, which it did on the 1st of September, with a revival of Sheridan's dull adaptation from Kotzebue's *Pizarro*. A more uninteresting piece it would be difficult to conceive, and scarcely could it be rendered palatable to the public by the splendid decorations, scenery, and costumes which Mr. Kean lavished upon it. This comparative failure was, however, speedily condoned by the revival of Shakspeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream* in the most beautiful, the most poetical, and the most artistic style possible. The fame of this revival renders it quite unnecessary to amplify upon it here. Suffice it to say that it is simply perfect, and that it still retains possession of the stage. Sadler's Wells was not long in following suit, and here again we find legitimacy asserting itself in a new revival of *Macbeth*. This was a season of *débuts*; but for those which took place were for the most part failures, or nearly so. Miss Booth, at the Haymarket, produced no great success, nor did Miss Sabine at the same theatre; and, although Mrs. Waller was introduced at Drury Lane with a great flourish of American trumpets, the public taste did not chime in with the eulogies of her panegyrists. Mr. Murdoch, an American comedian, who made his appearance at the Haymarket, was more successful. The Lyceum opened on the 15th of September, under the management of Mr. Charles Dillon, with a company composed principally of the provincial artists; the only persons of metropolitan fame being Mrs. Alfred Mellon, better known as Miss Woolgar (who, since her marriage, had retired from the stage), and Mr. J. Toole, who had previously established a reputation as a light comedian at the St. James's

theatre. The piece written for the opening was a burlesque, by Mr. Wm. Brough, *Perdita, the Royal Milkmaid*, of which the only noteworthy circumstance was, that the author played an insignificant part in his own piece.

In the months of October and November the management of the Haymarket was busily engaged in disinterring the fops of the old *répertoire* in honour of the new acquisition, Mr. Murdoch. The public is not, however, much enamoured of the *fadés* of the ancient school, and therefore stoutly refused to grow enthusiastic. It is plain that, if Mr. Murdoch is to make a sensation in England, it must be in modern comedy.

A new farce, called *I'll write to the Times*, from the pen of Mr. C. Hazlewood, was produced at Sadler's Wells on the 9th of October, and shortly afterwards a French adaptation, called *The Adventurer*, was brought out at Drury Lane. Very few novelties appeared up to the end of the year. A little *jeu d'esprit* called *Doing the Hansom*, at the Lyceum; a dramatized version of Dickens's *Little Dorrit*, at the Strand; an adaptation from the French called *A Family Failing*, by Mr. Oxenford (a pleasant little character-piece for the *espégle* little Miss Blanche Fane); an abominable adaptation of a French ballet, by Mr. C. Selby, *The Elves, or the Statue Bride*, at the Adelphi; *The Rose of Amiens*, a charming little comedieta by Mr. M. Morton; and *Jones the Avenger*, a character-farce for Mr. Robson at the Olympic; such were the principal, indeed almost the only novelties which heralded in Christmas to the London theatres.

To sum up therefore the profit-and-loss account of 1856, as it presents itself to the examination of the theatre-loving public, we may say that in that year the Londoners lost their handsomest theatre and gained nothing. A knowledge of the high standard of perfection in acting, supplied by Madame Ristori, can scarcely yet be said to be known to the public; for the privilege of seeing her was necessarily confined to a few fortunate individuals. Still, her appearance must be regarded as the only event of dramatic importance in the year. Of all the native debutants and debutantes who appeared during the year not one is likely to occupy public attention for any long period. Of the pieces that were produced, all that can be said is, that a larger proportion of them appear to be original than the summaries of late years have exhibited; but it would be difficult to select any one as at all likely to become standard. The most successful and attractive productions of the year have been Mr. Kean's revivals from the Shaksperian *répertoire*.

In Paris, with a population not one-third of that of London, they number their original pieces by hundreds, where here we count them by tens. Why is this? Is it because the faculty for writing plays is no longer possessed by Englishmen? We think not; but we think it is because the rights of dramatic authors are in such a state that no man who can employ his time better will give up his time and brains to the composition of pieces for the stage.



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